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Why Kruger Made War

or

Behind the Boer Scenes

By John A. Buttery

With Two Chapters on the Past and Future
of the Rand and the Mining Industry
By A. Cooper Key

E

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William Heinemann
1900

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"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me: to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify His power.
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted His empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall.

o o o o

We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war."

—*Paradise Lost.*

INTRODUCTION

THOUGH of the making of books on the causes, conduct and incidents of the war in South Africa there is apparently no end, and the public and the Press have shown signs of a satiety of "khaki" literature, I have ventured to appeal with this volume to the popular interest because I believe it traverses much new and important ground.

I have been persuaded to do so chiefly from two considerations: (1) the want of knowledge generally displayed as to many important happenings in South Africa immediately prior to the war; and (2) the reception which the articles here incorporated met with in several influential quarters when originally published a few weeks ago in serial form.

Neither am I aware that any serious attempt has yet been made to describe in continuous relation the later aspects of what I choose to call the Dutch-Afrikander-cum-Hollander *v.* Britisher struggle that, after many years, reached its historical culmination in the Boer Ultimatum of last October.

My purpose is principally directed to answering the astonished inquiry that frequently rises to the lips of even well-informed people—"Why did Kruger declare war? What in the world could have induced him and his confederates, the 'slimmest of the slim,' to have committed themselves to apparently so suicidal a venture? They had everything to lose and nothing to gain! Therefore, on the face of it, it would seem, indeed, that they had no choice!" The plausibility of which proposition gave substance to the hypothesis, especially among the foreign enemies of Great Britain, that the Boers had been very hardly used by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner, and

that it *was* true, as the wily old President himself has said, that he was forced, much against his will, to declare hostilities. And it is because the inherent fallacy of this assumption has not, perhaps, been so widely exposed as it deserves, though generally suspected by students of the South African problem, that I welcomed Mr. Chamberlain's expression of pleasure at "hearing that I intended to publish the articles in a more permanent form." For I argued that, if they possessed "much interest" to Lord Roberts, to her Majesty's Colonial Secretary and also to her Majesty's High Commissioner at the Cape, besides to other public men of considerable eminence, there was possibly an extended circle of readers to whom the opportunity of perusing their conclusions would not be unacceptable.

My competence to write on this matter I must leave to readers to decide; and although I expect that some of them will not altogether see eye to eye with me, and may

dispute certain premises and deductions, I ask them to concede that my position as chief sub-editor for nearly two years of the *Standard and Diggers' News* (a semi-official Government journal) at Johannesburg during the most exciting period of the diplomatic struggle between London, Cape Town, and Pretoria entitles me, in some measure at least, to a hearing.

I have put nothing down in malice. The tone of the articles may be unpalatable to some politicians and to several individuals with whom I was brought in contact at Johannesburg and Pretoria, but I am satisfied that their truth will be generally recognised by those who have had experience in South Africa of the peculiar constitution of the Dutch Afrikander and Transvaal Hollander —of their singular moral and political dispositions; though I do not hesitate to admit that in many respects I conceived whilst in South Africa a considerable regard for the Boer proper, and I believe, despite pessimistic

expectations to the contrary, that before many years have elapsed Boer and Briton will be found working hand in hand for their mutual prosperity and the progress and welfare of South Africa. It is the *leaders* of the preposterous Afrikander movement who have brought all the trouble on the continent.

I must also confess that my resolve to show why Kruger really made war and fulfilled his threat to stagger humanity was stimulated by the frequently recurring emanations of most appalling hypocrisy and blasphemy from the chief Boer spokesmen. In one of Kruger's "manifestoes"—the letter to Mr. "Conciliation" Hargrove—the astute old gentleman, in piteous tones, observes: "Gladly should I look forward to the restoration of peace on this basis (*i.e.*, 'unlimited independence') instead of this terrible war being allowed to be fought out to the end, and this useless slaughter of men going on." This, it may hardly be necessary to state, was written at a time when the tide of Boer

successes had begun to ebb, and the hitherto conquering commandos were being rolled back from British territory. We then hear for the first time the Presidential whimper: "The accusation has been made against us that we are carrying on a war of conquest, and that a great conspiracy has existed for a long time, the object of which is to exclude her Majesty's authority from this part of the world. If this was our object, the events of the last months should encourage us to go on with our endeavours." This is really too delightful, even for Oom Paul. Though the sense of humour has always been a minus quantity at Pretoria, the inner Government circle could not have restrained a smile when these words were being penned, because *they knew* that after the British disasters of December the earnest advice of Generals Joubert and Louis Botha, that the Republics might do a politic stroke in a graceful way by suggesting peace and ordering a temporary cessation of hostilities whilst a *modus*

vivendi was being arranged, was utterly scouted by the President. Kruger had tasted success, he was flushed with victory, and he barked to scorn those who would treat with the enemy now that they had got him on his knees. There would be plenty of time to talk of peace when the fortunes of war changed; time enough then to call on "God in His goodness and mercy," and "express my deep pain for the loss of valuable lives on both sides which we daily see"; opportunity galore, *then*, to quote Scripture, take God's name in vain, and call on "His hand to stay the slaughter, by making it clear to them who are our enemies that we desire little."

I do not claim that this volume in any way exhausts the subjects with which it deals. For that to be done access must be had to many documents which I know to be in existence, and to the knowledge of many men who will, perhaps, some day or other, admit their part in the great South African

conspiracy. But I do assert that what I have written is a true reflex of what Pretoria and Bloemfontein have been thinking and doing, for the past three years especially, and as such it may serve a useful purpose as a guide to the present politician and the future historian.

I have included in the publication two articles on the mining industry from the pen of Mr. A. Cooper Key, late mining editor of the *Standard and Diggers' News* at the Rand. I considered that no recapitulation of the causes that led to the war would be complete without a statement, from a perfectly competent and unbiased pen, of the conditions under which the mining industry laboured antecedent to last October, and the influence those conditions exercised on the development of the crisis. Not possessing the essential technical knowledge of the subject, I refrained from any expression of my own opinion, and enlisted the assistance of Mr. Key, to whom I desire to express my thanks

for his ready acquiescence. His articles, to my mind, form a very succinct review of the state of the gold industry of the Transvaal prior to the war, and its possibilities when mining operations are resumed at the close of hostilities.

JOHN A. BUTTERY.

SHEFFIELD, 1900.

MADNESS,

WITH METHOD IN IT

PRETORIA'S MISPLACED HOPES

WHEN Kruger flung his insolent ultimatum in the face of an astounded world, the first articulate expression from a people which had temporarily lost its breath was, "Have the Boers gone mad; has Kruger lost his senses completely?" England, after the first shock of surprise, was immensely tickled at the idea of the two small Dutch Republics in the Southern Hemisphere rising in their grotesque majesty and striking, fair and square in the mouth, the mightiest Empire the world has ever seen. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and it really seemed as if the

mighty forces of Progress and Evolution—the gods of the modern world—had, preparatory to sweeping away one more obstacle to Civilisation, steeped the Boer brain in narcotics and shut its mental vision to discernment of the ludicrous and obvious.

But, as will hereafter appear, there was more method in Kruger's apparent madness than the world supposed at the time. The ultimatum was not altogether the outcome of a passing aberration of national vanity or personal conceit. It was also the logical conclusion of a long course of intrigue and deadly preparation, pursued under the cloak of friendliness and mock weakness. The mine had been laid with great care; it was all ready to be sprung with "staggering" results.

I have elsewhere traced several of the tributaries that went to make up the turbulent waters which Kruger eventually let loose over South Africa. I will here endeavour to portray, as best I can, the hopes and intentions of the engineers who built the reservoir and held the keys of the flood-gates.

There were six very good reasons—so the "Now-or-Nevers" argued—why the time had arrived that Britain's might and paramountcy in

South Africa should be challenged, and though when first secretly submitted to the Transvaal and Free State Raads the daring of the project evoked some amount of opposition, the War Party soon gained the upper hand.

It will hardly be believed, but it is none the less true, that many of the prime movers in the conspiracy had hopes that Great Britain would knuckle down at the last moment to the Transvaal demands! They pointed to the precedent of 1880–81, and the conditions now were much more favourable to the Boers than then. Then, they were a distracted people, without money; with little ammunition, and arms of an effete pattern. Now, their arsenals and their forts bristled with modern implements of war of the latest type. The Treasury was crammed, there was an almost unlimited supply of gold to be had for the getting. Every burgher was armed with the finest rifle in the world, and, thanks to the provocative policy of the extremists, were itching to take the field, precisely what for they didn't know, but they had been told that "England wanted their country."

From the internal point of view, perhaps, the "Now-or-Nevers" were encouraged in their aim to

force matters to a crisis. It was when they took to deducing favourable signs and portents from the northern skies that they so completely and egregiously failed to cast the political horoscope correctly, and laid the foundation for their eventual undoing. Whether the wiseacres of Pretoria themselves were to blame for their misconception of things European, or whether the fault lay with their representative at The Hague, will possibly never be known, but sure it is that some of the reasons which finally induced Pretoria to fling down the gauntlet were the most extraordinary and the most surprisingly stupid.

PARTY FEELING IN ENGLAND

They argued (1) that—judging from the attitude of the Liberal Party, as evidenced by the speeches of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Kimberley, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchere, to say nothing of the encouragement of Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mr. John Burns, and the rank and file of the Irish and extreme Radical sections of the Party—they

had a great mass of British opinion at their backs, as in 1880–81, which would support them through thick and thin, not so much because their cause was right as from motives of political expediency. When it came to a pinch, they thought, England, a "nation of shopkeepers," would hesitate before plunging into a great war with all its attendant evils on trade and commerce, which the Boers believed then—if they do not believe now—to be the only thing Great Britain cared a fig about. They also argued—and this was their strongest anchor—that Mr. Chamberlain's power was on the wane; that he was, so to speak, playing a "lone hand." They read with avidity, and fully absorbed the stories of Cabinet and Ministerial dissensions daily cabled to Pretoria. They swallowed without question the advice from English statesmen and publicists not to budge to the Colonial Secretary's insistencies, not to yield to the "new diplomacy." When Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, warned them that "the sands were running out," they read side by side with the reports of his speech impassioned injunctions from influential English politicians to take no notice of it—that it was only so much "bluff," a mere personal threat, an attempt on Mr.

Chamberlain's part to score off his own bat. They were told by their English sympathisers that he was "tottering," and that it only needed a little more resistance on their part to push him over altogether, to accomplish a downfall that the Irish and his other opponents had endeavoured for years, but in vain, to achieve. Misled in this fashion, they are possibly to be pitied in some measure for mistaking kindness, consideration, and forbearance for weakness. Not knowing the British character, they interpreted the calm patience of the people, impassively awaiting the issue of the negotiations, as the indifference of unconcern. The British people were not in earnest; it was "only Chamberlain's bluff," and they openly laughed in his face. They still kept the Outlander in bondage, and hardened their hearts more and more. The subsequent rally to Mr. Chamberlain and the Empire puzzled them sorely.

THE QUEEN AND THE PREMIER

The clique in Pretoria also laboured under the very singular misapprehension that, however

truculent or unbending they might be, the Queen had absolutely set her face against war, and would sacrifice anything, submit to almost any indignity, ere the closing years of her glorious reign should be dimmed and saddened by the shedding of blood. Here again they displayed astonishing ignorance. They imagined that her Majesty, by reason of her declining years and natural aversion to warfare, was at the head of the "Peace-at-any-price" Party. "While the Queen lives" (they used to repeat with complacent satisfaction) "there can be no war in South Africa." And they laid their plans and played their cards accordingly. I am writing of the Boer mind during the twelve months prior to the outbreak of hostilities.

They also had a certain amount of faith in Lord Salisbury as a factor in their favour—though how they could lay this flattering unction to their souls also passes comprehension. It probably was due to their ignorance of British Parliamentary methods, of the strictness of the departmental system, by which each head is practically supreme until such time as he may forfeit the confidence of his Cabinet colleagues. They fancied that the British Government was

conducted on lines somewhat similar to their own —that Lord Salisbury might at any moment walk into the Colonial Office, sub-edit Mr. Chamberlain's despatches, and take the conduct of the negotiations with the Transvaal out of his hands. Kruger did this kind of thing every day, and if it was possible in a "free Republic," surely it was ten times more so under a "despotic monarchy"? Rumours were rife that the relations between the Premier and the Colonial Secretary were exceedingly strained. Colour was lent to them by the constant reiterations of the anti-Chamberlain Press (hourly cabled over to Pretoria), and somehow or other the conspirators hugged the delusion to their breasts that, if they could only get rid of Mr. Chamberlain, they would be conferring a very great favour on Lord Salisbury, who, out of sheer gratitude, would let them down lightly, as Mr. Gladstone had done before him. They dwelt in this fool's paradise for many months, until the Premier made the famous speech that shattered the Afrikander hope of dissension in the Cabinet. But they had gone too far to recede then.

BRITAIN'S MILITARY WEAKNESS

Nothing so forcibly struck the stranger in the Transvaal, any time during the last twenty years, as the loudly expressed contempt, among high and low alike, for England as a military Power. There was not a Boer above the age of sixteen or below that of sixty who did not absolutely believe that he was more than a match for twenty Tommy Atkinses, and, distasteful though the admission may appear, he really possessed some ground for the assumption. The battles of Bronkerspruit, Majuba Hill, and Doornkop all resulted in decisive British defeats, and it was no use pointing out to the Boers that the elements of ambush and knowledge of the country were chiefly instrumental in gaining these victories, They were all in the game, they answered, and would be in it again.

They used to point with pride to the fact that, whereas the "rooineks" fell in hundreds, their own losses were to be counted in ones and twos, and, they added, "What we've done once we can do again." It is also quite true that they used to

regard "Tommy" as good sport for their rifle, much as they looked upon buck and buffalo, with about as much element of danger in hunting the one as the other.

So that when, from carefully compiled returns of "effectives" in the Transvaal and Free State, it was found that no less than 57,000 burghers, most of them good shots, were available for commando, the disparity between this force and the armies that they supposed Great Britain capable of putting into the field was not so contemptible as the apologists for the "30,000 poor farmers" would have us suppose, especially when it is remembered that within three months from the commencement of hostilities this 57,000 had swollen to over 70,000 by the adhesion of the Natal and Cape rebels.

The Boer estimate of the British strength was derived from sources open to anybody—Parliamentary Estimates and current almanacs. By some occult process, the Krugerites in Pretoria made it impossible for Great Britain to place more than 120,000 men in the field, and though, as events proved, they were woefully out in their reckoning, their miscalculation may be ascribed to ignorance of the latent strength of the reserv-

ists, and Volunteer and Colonial forces, of which, in their sanguine forecast, they took no account. They really thought then that they were competent to oppose and overthrow any armies Britain could send against them, and the eventual despatch of over 200,000 troops to the scene of operations came upon them as a revelation. Indeed, more than one Boer general and highly placed official has admitted to me that they had underrated British military effectiveness, and that they had not thought it possible, taking into consideration the necessities of her scattered Empire, that even 150,000 men would be available for South Africa. This may hardly appear credible, but it is a fact all the same.

The burghers were impregnated with the belief that Tommy Atkins as a fighting machine was of small account. They despised his shooting, scorned his strategy, and pitied his bravery, which they called foolhardiness. Some of the Dutch papers printed the most disgraceful attacks on his moral and physical qualities. They asserted, and the Boers believed, that the British Army was rotten to the core, that it was recruited from the dregs of the population; that morally Tommy Atkins was a Kaffir, mentally a booby,

and physically an inept, decimated by disease, with no heart for fighting, and merely wearing his uniform because it brought him in so much per day. They dilated on the inestimable superiority which love of independence—which they affected to believe was threatened—gave them over an enemy who knew little and cared less about the merits of the struggle in which he was engaged, and they entered into the war with the lightest of hearts and the most unbounded confidence in their ability to carry it to a successful conclusion.

From all of which it will be seen—not to mention their enormous armaments and unsuspected resources—that the "simple Boer" was not so simple as he seemed, and that when the dogs of war were let loose the contest, instead of being unequal, was commenced with most of the advantages on the side of the Boers, who, besides, enjoyed the incalculable aids of knowledge of the country, acclimatisation, and battle-grounds specially adapted to their mode of warfare.

DUTCH COLONIAL AID

Although in some measure justified in their expectation that her Majesty's Dutch subjects in Natal and the Cape would flock to the Republican standard, the Northern Federals made no secret of their bitter disappointment at the half-hearted support they received from their Southern kinsmen when the oriflamme of war was raised.

Their language respecting Hofmeyr and Schreiner was both painful and free. When week after week went by, and the Bond made no sign, when the lines of British communications remained intact throughout the Dutch portions of the Cape Colony, and only here and there did disaffected mutterings take the shape of actual performances, Pretoria grew despondent, and the rage of Kruger knew no bounds. Hofmeyr, though "willing to wound, was half afraid to strike"; Schreiner — who was branded as the arch-traitor to the Cause, and suffered every harsh expletive of which Pretoria was capable—had evidently decided to remain loyal.

Well, if the Bond had not the courage to throw

off the mask before the world and swell the Republican ranks, the direction of the great Afrikander movement should be taken entirely out of their hands. If they would not lead they should be made to follow. They were glib enough at passing resolutions and threatening Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Chamberlain, and the British Government generally, but now that they were called upon to give their words logical effect they shrank from the ordeal, and talked of the risk they ran of confiscation and attainting. Thus argued the Northern Afrikander.

Hence it was that Pretoria sent a strong body of commandos through the Free State into the Colesberg district. The Free Staters were almost as timorous as the Bond. They submitted that they had been called up to resist a supposed attack on their independence. The alliance with the Transvaal did not include the seizure and harrying of British territory. In vain Pretoria urged the plea of military necessity, the wisdom of carrying the war into the enemy's country. The Free Staters, always lukewarm, were averse to roving far away from their own confines.

Meanwhile General Schoemann, who had been entrusted by Pretoria with the task of stirring up

the Colony, found progress a matter of considerable difficulty. The people were hardly ripe enough for concerted action. There were some zealots who did not need asking twice, but the majority of the inhabitants in the Colesberg, Stormberg, Graaf Reinet, and Victoria West districts were waiting to see which way the cat jumped; as a matter of fact, they were waiting for the fall of Kimberley and Ladysmith. And it may be taken for granted that, had these places surrendered to the Boers, the upper and western portions of the Colony would quickly have been ablaze.

But they did not fall, and all the time the British legions were arriving in thousands, and each day the chances of a general conflagration grew more remote. Pretoria became desperate; valuable time was being wasted, and Schoemann seemed to be doing nothing. It was then decided that he should be replaced by General Delarey, but by the time that gentleman got to the front General French had placed effective barriers to any further inroads, and all Delarey's efforts were concentrated in extricating the invading commandos from danger of isolation. He was content to act on the defensive, and eventually withdrew across the Orange River.

Smuts, the Transvaal State Attorney, also conceived the idea of sending Mr. Cleaver, an Afrikander of British descent, and Assistant Public Prosecutor of Johannesburg, into the most westerly portions of the Colony, the hotbed of the Bond and the home of Dutch discontent. If only these districts could be roused the insurrection might spread farther south, and General Roberts's forward march be indefinitely delayed by the pressing necessity of safeguarding the base of his operations. Cleaver met with a considerable measure of success, but the rising was eventually quelled, and thus faded the last hope of Colonial assistance—so far as actual fighting went.

Of course many Dutch rebels crossed the border northwards, and joined the Transvaal and Free State commandos, but that was not what Kruger wanted. He confidently hoped for such a rising in the Cape as would absorb all the British resources for many a month to come. But Roberts was too quick, or his own emissaries too slow, and nothing was left to him but to curse the Bond and sneer at the "Dutch courage" of its leaders. One of the principal joints of his armour was loosened, and Pretorian assurance underwent a decided modification. But, oh, the language!

CAPITALIST FEARS AND FOREIGN INTERVENTION

Pretoria reckoned the fear of the capitalists for the safety of the Rand gold mines one of the most important points in their favour. They trotted out the "destroy-the-mines" bogey, off and on, for quite a twelvemonth, right up to the seizure of Johannesburg by the British forces. They had here, so they thought, something tangible to work on, and even though the British capitalists might disregard their threats they fondly imagined that the possibility of the loss of thousands, perhaps millions, of Continental capital would hasten the expected intervention of some foreign Power.

They forgot to remember that capital has ceased to be circumscribed by arbitrary distinction such as frontier boundaries; that the kings of capital are not so much French, German, or English as cosmopolitan, and have almost lost their international significance.

They also failed to recognise the world would see that what was at the outset a local agitation, controlled in a measure by capitalist

influences, had developed into an Imperial question of the first magnitude, and that capitalism had no more to do with the eventual causes of acute difference between Great Britain and the Transvaal than with the control of the planetary system. Their mistake is not to be wondered at when it is recollected that there are many well-meaning persons in this country who, even to this day, are imbued with the same idea. In any case, much as was hoped from it at first, Pretoria gradually grew reconciled to the futility of playing this much-vaunted trump-card.

But the deepest disappointment of all was the unfulfilled hope of foreign intervention. There can be no question that Pretoria embarked on the conflict in the sure and certain hope that before it had progressed very far, or at most before Great Britain would be permitted to demonstrate any decided ascendency, some foreign Power, anxious to put a stop to British aggrandisement or to divert attention from some other part of the world, would step in and cry, "Hands off," and rob England of the legitimate fruits of victory, if ever the fortunes of war should so far befriend her. It was clearly a case,

so Pretoria argued, of everything to gain and nothing to lose.

There never was the remotest expectation that, should the worst come to the worst, either of the Republics would lose its independence. That was out of the question altogether. They might be compelled to recognise British paramountcy, they might even have to grant some measure of freedom to the Outlanders; they might have to relinquish for a time their dreams of Dutch domination; but that they would ever become a subject race, that their mischief-making fangs would be drawn, that their cherished independence would be taken from them, never entered into their wildest imaginations.

Whether Leyds wilfully deceived Pretoria, or he himself was deluded by Continental diplomatists, it is impossible to say; but there was a sublime trust in ultimate rescue at the hands of some other enemy of England. The Powers of Europe would never stand by and see their mighty rival issue from the struggle greater and more powerful than when she entered it—the indisputable mistress of South Africa, with all its vast stores of wealth! No: the idea was impossible. Almost every European newspaper teemed with abuse

and revilings of England and affection and promises of help for the Boers, and at the psychological moment these sentiments would take concrete form, and Great Britain be forced to retire discomfited, or, as an alternative, embark on a terrible world-wide conflict, amidst which South Africa would slip her moorings and for ever throw off the British yoke!

Pretoria's "statesmen" had signally failed to read the signs of the times. If France was not ready or disinclined to fight over Fashoda, she could hardly be expected to do so over the Transvaal, with which she had no direct concern, to say nothing of her absorption in the coming Great Exhibition. The secret African treaty between Germany and England, and the marked favour with which Mr. Rhodes had been received by the Kaiser, ought to have been plain reading, even to those who ran, that the conditions obtaining at the time of the Jameson Raid and the famous telegram no longer existed, that the Emperor had found occasion to repent his hasty conclusions, and that from Berlin, no more than from Paris, was anything beyond mere lip service to be expected. While as for Russia, was not she more likely to pursue and perfect her secret

machinations in the East, maintaining a strict neutrality between the belligerents, than to precipitate a struggle with her traditional foe at a time when the premature disclosure of her plans would probably mean their ruin?

As the months rolled by, and the ring of international spectators confined themselves to unofficial commonplaces and irresponsible encouragement, and the gift of ambulance corps, the hearts of Kruger and his henchmen sank. They turned to the United States of America as their only hope of salvation. Here, again, they mistook the voice of faction for that of the nation. They knew nothing of the wiles and devices of a Presidential campaign; they did not stop to distinguish between the frothings and shriekings of the Fenian Brotherhood and the Dutch and German Irreconcilables and the limitations of the Monro doctrine, and the amicable understanding that to the unbiased observer evidently existed between Washington and Downing Street. Troops of Irish-Americans rushed to the Transvaal, not so much from love of the Boer as love of lucre; the United States Consuls at Pretoria and Lourenço Marques, Messrs. Macrum and Hollis, made no secret of their pro-Boerism.

Mr. Webster Davies, a member of the M'Kinley Ministry, came to Pretoria and blessed Kruger and all his works; and Chicago and New York, and other centres of hatred of England, cabled reams of sympathy and promises of succour. But all this was not America; the heart of the nation held aloof from what was mainly a mere electioneering move.

It was a wicked thing for the enemies of England to egg the Boers on in the way they did. They must have been well aware that no material assistance would be forthcoming. For long Pretoria hoped against hope. But disillusionment came, and as a last resource the three delegates were sent to Europe and the States. It is not necessary to dwell on the abjectness of their failure. With it went the last vestige of hope. Foreign intervention proved the rottenest of the many reeds that Kruger relied on for support in carrying out his scheme of British expulsion from South Africa.

DIVINE AID

If it were not closely allied to the blasphemous, the Boer belief in the righteousness of his cause

and divine interposition on his behalf would be pitiable. Of course I am not now writing of the clever young agnostics and the double-dyed old hypocrites of Pretoria and Bloemfontein, who are responsible for all the bloodshed of the past nine months, but of the back-country Boers, ignorant and superstitious, but still retaining many of the Puritan traits of our own ancestors here in England and Scotland, with an implicit faith in the guidance of a personal God, and an almost painful belief that they are His chosen people, to the exclusion of all the world beside and particularly to the exclusion of the "rooinek."

They remind you of the Old Testament peoples who looked upon Jehovah with a kind of proprietorial regard—their enemies are God's, as are also their friends! They have lived aloof for close on two centuries from the liberalising influences of a saner, more tolerant religion than flourished when they lost touch of European sects and schisms. The very first trek northwards of the original Cape Dutchmen was in search of the Garden of Eden, which the tradition of that time placed somewhere in the centre of Africa, and the intervening decades of seclusion

have nurtured the intense devotion to the ideas that drove them and the Huguenots to seek refuge and liberty of worship far across the seas. To this day they hate Roman Catholicism, and refuse civil and religious equality to the Jew. They are the most curious admixture of piety and fraud, of humbug and devotion.

They entered into the present conflict with the spirit of a crusade. The priests of their order preached it incessantly, they heard the voice of God in all Kruger's despatches and every Raad resolution. They were in that frame of mind most suitable to the machinations of the ambitious politician, and the conspirators against Great Britain took care to till such promising soil.

To all intents and purposes they went forth on commando as if to a Holy War. The raising of a nation's courage by appeals to their religious fanaticism is no new thing even in modern warfare, but it is to be doubted if ever the device was so well exploited as in the present instance. Of course, there were many exceptions to the general rule, and many men, the up-to-date Afrikanders to wit, laughed in their sleeves at the credulity of the takhaar. But in the light of this explana-

tion the stubbornness, the tenacity, the ferocity of the old Boer can, perhaps, better be realised. It is a sad commentary on Christianity—but there it is.

When he suffered reverses he regarded them as visitations from heaven, punishments for some sins of omission or commission—it may have been omission in the shape of looting, or neglect in the direction of hymn-singing or praying; both are essential elements of the Boer's theology.

When the news of Cronje's capture was rumoured almost every Boer you met flatly refused to admit even its possibility. "God would never allow it," they used to say. And when the news was confirmed not one, but scores, declared that they would tear up their Bibles and refuse ever more to believe in God again. Their attitude bore a strange likeness to that of the pagans who, when one idol failed to meet their wishes, smashed and replaced it with another, in the hope that the new god would prove more amenable.

However much this fanaticism and superstition may be derided or despised, there it is, and it has proved a most potent factor in the prosecution of

the Afrikander conspiracy. Whether the providential desertion of their cause will be taken by the Boers as a sign of heavenly espousal of the side of the Britishers, or merely as a passing stroke of anger from the Almighty, who all in His own time will smile on His chosen people and once more lead them to victory, it would be difficult to say. But there is likely to be much searching of heart after the war, and a considerable amount of Bible-burning. For the Boer is thorough, if anything. He is thorough in his dirtiness, he is thorough in his idleness, he is thorough in his hates and his loves.

KRUGER'S MAIMED THUMB

CONSIDERABLE inquiry and curiosity remain unsatisfied, and conflicting doubts unresolved as to the secret springs and hidden meanings that punctuated the successive stages of the diplomatic encounters preceding the outbreak of hostilities.

To wit, he who runs may read what transpired at the famous Bloemfontein Conference, but who, except those behind the scenes, knows anything of the spirit and temper in which Kruger made his memorable journey to the Orange River capital, or of the motives which induced him to accept the suggestion to essay a peaceful settlement of the various points at issue between his Government and that of her Britannic Majesty?

For a thorough comprehension of Oom Paul's mind at this time, a recapitulation of the story of Kruger's maimed thumb may be pardoned, particularly as some doubt has been thrown on its authenticity, and the present writer can adduce

his personal testimony to its accuracy. The old President was fond of dwelling on the topic, and his description of his dealings with her Majesty's High Commissioners is in thorough keeping with his peculiar methods of illustration.

With an indescribable look of cunning and triumph on his heavy features he would intently regard the hand with the maimed thumb (injured by a rifle accident in youth), and with the forefinger of the other slowly tick off the sound digits, with a running commentary, something as follows: "First, there was Bartle Frere—('Bottel Ferreira' he called him)—he went down"—(the finger went down, too, as he spoke); "then there was Hercules Robinson—he went, too" (the second finger followed suit); "then there was Sir Henry Loch" (the third finger would disappear in the hollow of his hand); "then Hercules Robinson tried again, he's gone"; and then, peering at the maimed stump, and playfully trying to depress it, he would say, "And now there's this 'Miller' (that's as near as ever he got to the pronunciation of the present High Commissioner's name)—I can't make him out!" Kruger would shake his head, refill his pipe, and lapse into a brown study. Evidently this "Miller"

was an unknown quantity, and puzzled the old man exceedingly.

But if Sir Alfred Milner was a problem to Paul Kruger, he also excited the intense curiosity of the fellow conspirators at the Cape. They, too, ominously wagged their heads over the spectacle of the impenetrable statesman with a backbone, whose mind was a mystery to them, who upset all the cherished traditions of British Commissioners by actually asserting his right to govern and direct, and who treated them as so many naughty schoolboys!

Capetown could not fathom him; would Pretoria oblige? Kruger had got the upper hand of all the High Commissioners of the past; would he consent to try his never-failing arts on this, the latest importation? A conference was projected, both parties were willing, the only difficulty being its location. Kruger would not travel to Capetown—the wily one pleaded fatigue of the journey; Sir Alfred Milner could hardly be expected to go to Pretoria. As a compromise Bloemfontein was agreed upon. Steyn, in the then *rôle* of the benevolent peacemaker, blessed the gathering with his approval, and Fischer (if I mistake not) acted as major-domo of the proceedings,

and the pourer out of oil on the troubled waters.

In passing, it will be interesting to bear in mind that at this time the *most absolute agreement* existed between Kruger and Steyn as to the course they would pursue should Sir Alfred prove insistent and obdurate, and Afrikanderdom be placed in any peril.

The dark clouds that had been threatening South Africa appeared to the uninitiated to take on a silver lining, every one "not in the know" confidently looked to a peaceful settlement, and Rand shares went up with a bound. A golden era of peace, every one said, was about to break over a land distracted by dissension, Kruger and Milner would shake hands, and the expanding rift between the races would be closed for ever and a day.

There can be no doubt that the High Commissioner did hope for an amicable settlement, consistent with the maintenance of British dignity and paramountcy. No one who has read the minutes of the conference can reasonably dispute that. But in diplomacy, as in trade, it takes two to make a bargain. It is my firm belief—and I had exceptional opportunities for

judging — that Kruger went to Bloemfontein *with not the slightest intention* of coming to an agreement, except in the very unlikely event of admission of absolute Transvaal independence and the abrogation of the suzerainty, responded to by some trivial franchise and redistribution concessions. On Pretoria's part it was a Reconnaissance in Force — pure and simple. Kruger wanted to see for himself what sort of man this "Miller" really was; to probe and sound his intentions and his strength, as he had probed and sounded his predecessors; to be able to round off his finger story with the proper dramatic flourish. What his Cape colleagues had failed to do he would accomplish. With all the arts of which he was an acknowledged master he would wheedle and cajole this new antagonist, and dig a fresh grave for another British reputation.

It is not to be supposed that Sir Alfred Milner was ignorant of the man he had to deal with—of his numberless wiles, his hypocritical pretensions, his mental alacrity, his religious resolve to yield not jot or tittle that would weaken the slowly but surely growing fabric of Afrikander domination. He was probably also aware of Pretoria's hope that he would consent to barter, as High

Commissioners had done before him, for the Boer places great faith in his powers of bartering, which hitherto had never been known to fail, particularly when backed by the "unctuous rectitude" of the "friend-of-the-foreigner" in Great Britain. It is apparent from what ensued that Sir Alfred had determined to bring matters to a climax, to close the interminable negotiations between Capetown and Pretoria, to bring Kruger and his satellites to book, to tear the veil from his protestations of sympathy and concern for his Outlander subjects, to settle the questions at issue once and for all.

And it is equally certain that Kruger had decided that, so far as *he* could prevent, the High Commissioner should do none of these things. What he wanted for the consummation of his schemes was time, and time he would have. Besides, if he were to concede what Sir Alfred would ask—no matter what it was—it would go forth to the world and to South Africa especially, that he had at last met his match, that the British were paramount in the country, that loyalists might once more take heart of grace and disloyalists correspondingly despair.

That was the temper with which the central

figures of this world-drama looked at each other across the conference table at Bloemfontein. After the usual preliminaries the British representative advanced his "irreducible minimum" of five years' franchise, and kept it to the front with rare courage and cleverness through all the trying encounters that followed. He knew it was the wedge that meant eventual victory, and, on the other hand, defeat, sooner or later, of Afrikander scheming.

In vain Kruger cajoled and menaced in turn—his adversary was inflexible, his armour of calm, patient determination impenetrable. Then Smuts, the Transvaal State Attorney, a young gentleman with an inordinate conceit of himself, sprang into the breach, and by innuendo and thinly veiled insult strove to goad and irritate the High Commissioner into some rash step or fatal admission. So patent was his purpose, so persistent his provocations, that Sir Alfred had at last to intimate that he would only debate with the President himself, and for the remainder of the conference he strictly kept his word. To this day Smuts has not forgotten or forgiven the snubbing.

The trial of strength went on. There was not much difference between five and seven years,

but the question of suzerainty was of vital importance, as was also the attempted introduction of the element of finality in the negotiations under review. Deadlock after deadlock ensued, and at last the conference broke up, having achieved nothing.

But although there were no positive results, the negative conclusions were of incalculable value. Kruger, who entered the fray with a light-hearted belief in his powers of dissimulation and chaffering, returned to Pretoria with doubt and disappointment written on every line of his face, a profound fear of his latest opponent, and the sequel to the thumb story still in the abstract; Sir Alfred to Capetown, with doubts resolved on many points, and a piercing insight into the ways of Boer diplomacy and a definite impression of many things that up to then had appeared nebulous. He, who was to have been dissected by the scalpel of Pretoria, had, instead, used the surgeon's knife to such good purpose that—well, all the world knows what followed.

WHY THE ULTIMATUM WAS DELAYED

DR. FRITZ KRAUSE, Assistant Transvaal State Attorney, and Public Prosecutor of Johannesburg, an English University scholar and privately a man of the strictest probity, gained considerable notoriety as one of the willing tools of the Pretoria Bureaucracy. That he has been misjudged in at least one important matter will appear from this article, as will also a partial revelation of the deceptions and subterfuges habitually resorted to by the Transvaal Government at a time when Kruger, Reitz, and Smuts were acclaimed as apostles of truth, injured innocents, and models of all the virtues.

It will be remembered that some time prior to the Boer ultimatum, and whilst negotiations between the Governments had not yet attained the grave complexion they eventually assumed, South

Africa and the world were startled by the arrest of Mr. Pakeman, editor of the *Transvaal Leader*, and the attempted arrest of Mr. Monypenny, editor of the Johannesburg *Star*. This sudden pounce, coming as it did in the midst of Boer protestations to England and Europe of an intense desire to soften the strained relations then existing, was the first serious intimation to the public of the Rand that they were on the edge of a volcano, that the Government contemplated some striking change of tactics, and that the sooner the now famous Outlander exodus began the better.

Consternation, however, was turned to mystification when Mr. Smuts, the State Attorney, came forward and stated, with the full authority of the Government and the emphasis of personal repudiation, that this sudden raid on journalists had been effected by Dr. Krause, his assistant, absolutely on his own initiative, in the absence of any Executive or Departmental instructions, and that he and the Government washed their hands of the whole affair. Dr. Krause remained silent, and, the war breaking out shortly afterwards, the incident became swallowed up in more engrossing aspects of the situation.

The disclosures of the *Times* correspondent at Bloemfontein aroused interest as to the peculiar methods by which Boer statesmen pursue their objects, and it may be as well here to accentuate the impression of that revelation of duplicity and plotting by a recital of the actual facts connected with this Monypenny-Pakeman business, the truth of which the writer can vouch for, and proof of which should not be hard to obtain should Dr. Krause elect to clear his reputation of the obloquy attaching to his participation in the affair.

For some time previously the existence of signed warrants for the arrest of some seventy or eighty prominent Outlanders (including Messrs. Monypenny and Pakeman) had been persistently asserted, and as strenuously denied by the State Attorney's department, though that they were all in readiness for immediate execution was known to everybody behind the scenes.

On the morning of the arrests it was known to three persons in Johannesburg that Dr. Krause had received an important cipher telegram from Pretoria, requiring his presence at Park station to meet the evening train from the capital conveying a special messenger with important instructions.

One of these three made it his business to meet the train also, and after witnessing the handing over of certain documents to Dr. Krause from the hands of an official of the State Attorney's office, accompanied the Assistant State Attorney on the way back to his office. It was from what transpired during the walk that the individual in question was convinced of the impending arrests of the two editors and, though it was impossible to warn them himself, he contrived, through the medium of Mr. Reggie Wolff (son of a former M.P. for Pontefract) and Mr. Mark Gibbons (the treasurer of St. Mary's English Church) to despatch urgent messages to Messrs. Monypenny and Pakeman, warning them of their imminent danger. Mr. Wolff was successful, the editor of the *Star* escaping from his house ten minutes before the arrival of the detectives, but Mr. Gibbons saw Mr. Pakeman too late to be of service. As is now well known, Mr. Monypenny, after lying *perdu* in Johannesburg for two days, escaped in company with Mr. Hull (another prominent Outlander) in a landau and pair by road to Vereeniging, where they stayed the night, the route of their journey being almost identically that by which Lord Roberts and his

victorious army pursued their way to the Rand. Mr. Pakeman, after a night and a day in the fort, was released on bail of £500, a security which he afterwards forfeited.

To say that Pretoria was chagrined at Mr. Monypenny's escape is but feebly to express their feelings. It was the editor of the *Star* whom they particularly desired to get hold of, and it is quite certain that had he been taken he would have languished in Pretoria Gaol for months.

But, the move proving unsuccessful and inopportune, it was necessary to find a scapegoat, and therefore the official responsibility for the issuing of the warrants was fixed on Dr. Krause, who up to the present has allowed judgment to go by default.

The detailed description of the foregoing incident is of essential importance.

At this time the War Party in Pretoria had been making desperate efforts to bring the Free State Raad and Executive into line. Steyn, of course, and Fischer (who posed to the outside world as the advocate of milder counsels) had for long been hand and glove with Kruger, but there was a strong and determined section, both inside and outside official circles, obstinately opposed

to challenging the might of the British Empire, and averse from being tied to the Juggernaut of Pretoria's ambition. At this critical stage of the vast conspiracy, in sight of the fruits of the tireless machinations of years, the dreams of a Dutch Dominion throughout South Africa were threatened by the "stupidity," the "cowardice" of the "Sister Republic," between whom and the Transvaal, by-the-bye, there was never anything like fervent regard. Time was pressing, everything was ready for the "staggering" process, yet the carefully constructed machinery stuck in one of its vital parts. Lubrication must be resorted to, and with the Boer that process usually takes the form of financial salve.

It was just before this hitch occurred, a day or two, that Pretoria had decided on the arrests of Messrs. Monypenny and Pakeman. Kruger, Reitz, and Smuts were at one end of the wire—they had a special room constructed, and one doubly-sworn Hollander telegraphist was the participator of their secrets—and with the Ultimatum in their pockets, they awaited the news of Free State co-operation.

The arrests were made, but Bloemfontein tarried. Suspicions were aroused. The outrage

could only bear one construction—the beginning of the end, the deliberate severance of diplomatic negotiations with Great Britain. Kruger chafed and Steyn swore under his breath. Until the defiance went forth, once and for all, and the commandos were actually let loose, Pretoria must needs keep up its old game of dissembling. The arrests must be officially disowned until such time as the task of "lubricating" the Bloemfontein recalcitrants had been successfully accomplished—a lot of good Outlander money was spent over this—and, consequently, the Government did the only possible thing under the circumstances. They repudiated the warrants, virtually reprimanded Dr. Krause, and breathed again.

It is history now how, by a bare majority, the Free State Executive decided on war; how the Raad, after a series of stormy secret sessions, also threw in their lot with Kruger and Steyn, and how the burghers, deprived of their constitutional right of expressing an opinion on the righteousness or expediency of the course adopted, were suddenly commandeered.

The Ultimatum was immediately launched on an astonished world, but it is not hard to realise

what would have happened had those "precious three weeks" Pretoria afterwards never ceased lamenting not been spent "persuading" certain Free State legislators that "Now is the appointed time, now is the day of salvation." To this hour the failure of the Boers to overrun Natal, seize Ladysmith, Maritzburg, and Durban, and then "on to the Colony," is attributed with much bitterness to Free State hesitancy at the outset.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Pakeman obtained his liberty, and many Outlanders, who took the timely hint, made themselves scarce.

And the preceding recital, perhaps above all, should make it clear to the most obtuse pro-Boer that his pets are not the simple, truthful, pastoral people he is fond of picturing, but that they, or, to be more correct, their leaders, deliberately called upon their heads the wrath that has overtaken them.

A DEFENCE OF THE OBVIOUS

THE principal plea of the pro-Boer against the campaign in South Africa is that it is a capitalist war, pursued, not for the preservation of British supremacy, nor for the redress of Outlander grievances, but chiefly in the interests of the capitalist groups who control the gold mines of the Rand.

This has been a very favourite argument with a certain class of politicians, and probably the most effectual weapon in the whole Boer armoury in working up sympathy with the Republics. The deputation of three from Pretoria and Bloemfontein who have recently been stumping Europe and America made lavish use of the assertion, and it doubtless did equally good service when the Bond deputation from South Africa got to work.

And yet, in the whole tangle of South African

politics, nothing quite so preposterous has been seriously advanced.

Prior to the Outlander agitation reaching an acute form, there was an apparent attempt at *rapprochement* between the Pretoria oligarchy and the Johannesburg capitalists. Indeed, with a secret view to alienating the moneyed men of the Rand from their pro-British tendencies, and to safeguard the dynamite monopoly, the Transvaal Government made overtures to the representatives of the big houses with the avowed object of removing certain economic disabilities from which the gold mines suffered. Mr. Lippert, of dynamite-monopoly fame, was chosen as Pretoria's go-between, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether he or his masters had ever the intention of seriously propitiating the heads of the industry. It was eventually generally agreed on the Rand that Kruger's protestations in this direction were insincere, and that his emissary was merely sent on a sounding mission to discover the exact attitude the big houses intended to assume on the political questions then assuming grave proportion, to assure, in return for some illusory mining reforms, the bolstering up of the dynamite monopoly—that "corner-stone

of the State," as Kruger asserted—and obtain, in addition, practical support in the flotation of a large loan which Pretoria contemplated, and which European capitalists, with one consent, had turned their backs on. However, the negotiations came to nothing, and the relations between Pretoria and Johannesburg became more and more strained.

Now, apart from any extraneous inducement, the mining industry was legally entitled to the fullest consideration at the hands of the Government. It provided most of the revenue of the State, but was treated with indifference and scant courtesy; indeed, the recommendations of the famed Industrial Commission, presided over by no less a person than Mr. Schalk Burger, and acquiesced in by all the Government representatives thereon, had been almost entirely ignored.

It is not surprising, therefore, when the capitalists awoke to the fact that they were being befooled, that they threw in their lot with the Outlander movement, which up to this time had proceeded from quarters which were certainly not capitalistic. They were faced with the possibility of being dropped between the two contending

parties—the Britisher and the Boer—and, their stake in the country being an enormous one, they would have been more or less than human had they held aloof from the movement.

But that the Outlander agitation was due to their initiative, and that, had it been possible—(in fact the idea is ridiculous) — they would have brought pressure to bear on the British Government so to conduct its deliberations with the Transvaal as to force on a rupture, are both of them propositions that no one can with propriety advance. On the other hand, it was altogether to their advantage that peace should continue. Does any one suppose that capital is served by warfare or that millions are amassed while a country is being devastated and the sources of wealth stricken idle ?

It would have paid the capitalists of the Transvaal twenty times better to have thrown in their fortunes with the corrupt oligarchy of Pretoria. Between them they could have swept the whole board, and, had they been so disposed, they could have stifled, though not, perhaps, altogether suppressed, the rumblings and the mumblings of the British "helots." The capitalists, however, were tired of the continual state of uncertainty, and in

despair of Pretoria ever coming to reason they welcomed the "appeal to Cæsar."

But even then few, and least of all the capitalists, expected that the diplomatic exchanges would eventuate in the Ultimatum. Indeed, I have the best reasons for knowing that almost up to the last moment the heads of the chief groups discounted war, and laughed at the gloomy faces of those who, being behind the scenes, had grave doubts of a peaceful solution of the situation.

Only a week before October 11 the writer met one of the most prominent financial chiefs on the Rand, and remarked on the turn for the worse that a certain decision of the Executive and the Raad indicated. I only wish that those who persist in saying that the capitalists wanted the war, and rushed Kruger into it, could have seen the look of distress that overspread the features of this gentleman, or could have noted the tone of anxiety pervading his observation, "I hope that is not true."

Unquestionably, the capitalists hoped that the British Government's determination to see fair play done would result in their release from the bonds in which Pretoria had bound them,

along with the other section of the Outlander population, but that they either planned or sympathised with any scheme for plunging the country and the sub-continent into the anguish of a bloody struggle should, even by the most sordid mind, be scouted as not only incredible, but as contrary to all the dictates of selfishness.

Look at it dispassionately for a moment. If war broke out, the capitalists stood to lose so much and gain so little. None of the mines could be reckoned on as being safe. The idea then, and up to the end of May, was that one thing the Boers were certain to do would be to wreak their vengeance on the mines, which the more ignorant of them had been taught to believe were the cause of all the trouble in the State. Has it been forgotten, also, that at the time of the Jameson Raid the majority of the Committee of Reformers resolved that, happen what might, the Union Jack was impossible—in other words, that the "British bunting" should not fly—and that the Republic and the vierkleur must remain intact?

The wealth of the Transvaal is not vested alone in British groups. There are German, Austrian, and French houses also, and is it to be believed

that these, too, were actuated by the idea of bolstering up Mr. Chamberlain for mere bolstering-up's sake, or that their lack of patience with Kruger and Pretoria was due to an insensate longing for British rule and the Union Jack, no matter at what cost?

The more one examines the pretence that the Transvaal is a capitalist war, the more absurd does the notion become.

The motives underlying Pretoria in disseminating the belief are not, however, so hard to understand.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, one of Pretoria's strong planks was the trust in a certain section of the British people that they would do all in their power, under every condition, to dish Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionist Government. Now, which was the best way to perpetuate the sympathies of these people, even if war did "break out"; which the best rope whereby they might be firmly lashed to the Boer waggon? Already, the Pretoria plotters calculated, there was a lingering animus against the British Government for their supposed connivance in the Raid; already there was a fertile field of anti-Chamberlainism ready for a crop of anti-capitalist

seeds. If the issue between the Governments were only beclouded by the assertion, kept up hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month by the Continental claque, and even by the British opponents of Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues, that the might of a great Empire was being brought to crush a brave little people, and all in the interests of a lot of greedy capitalists—if this could be done, as Dr. Leyds was certain it could—half the battle was won!

Well, it cannot be said that the trick was an altogether ineffectual one, though most of its force has now been spent, even among Mr. Chamberlain's erstwhile most rabid opponents. It will still be played for all it is worth, both by the Bond delegates and by a good many other people besides during the coming settlement. But the British people should examine very carefully indeed well-calculated statements of this kind. Their chief danger lies in their speciousness.

Every one knows that the capitalists of the Transvaal and Kruger's Government were never on good terms. But neither, for the matter of that, were British workmen and the Pretorian oligarchy. It would be just as fair, therefore, to

hold that the war was exclusively a labour-made one; a "British war" is the correct title, for Great Britain and Great Britain's Empire over the seas is comprised of two great classes—capital and labour, who suffer and prosper together.

A HOPELESS STRUGGLE WITH FATE

THE Boer proper—the farmer of the Transvaal and the Orange River State—is not so black as he has been painted in some quarters, though I am quite aware that it is not the most popular thing in the world just now to say so.

In many respects the Boer traits of character resemble those to be found, at least until a generation or so ago, in many parts of Great Britain. The back-country burgher certainly has begun to show signs of degeneracy, morally if not physically, but it is principally the degeneracy of the natural process which ordains that seclusion from a progressive environment shall entail gradual but certain lapse into primitive conditions.

The typical Boer is intensely conservative, and swore he would die sooner than that the stranger within the gates should possess the same privi-

leges as himself, privileges which he and his father and his grandfather before him had come to regard as their own special prerogative.

He believed that the bestowal of the franchise upon the Outlander meant his own gradual extinction, the thin end of the wedge that would displace him from power, and, with a 'cuteness born of his veldt life, decided to grapple with this silent, mysterious thing, Democracy, while he yet retained some of his old strength and resources.

Of course, it was a hopeless struggle from the outset. Had the President of the South African Republic been a younger man, imbued with the spirit of the age, and, instead of vainly opposing the stream, had he placed himself at its head and guided it into the proper channels, all might have been well. Had Kruger possessed the prescience to anticipate the inevitable, as was the duty of the leader of such a people, he would have utilised the new forces springing up around him, and, instead of being his undoing, they might have cemented his position.

But, as could only have been expected from so arrogant and stubborn an old man, whose proud boast it was that he had never given way in all

his life to any man or thing, he essayed the task of stopping the waves of the New Ideas which every impartial observer knew must sooner or later engulf him unless he swam with them.

There is something sad in the picture of this old man struggling with Fate, surrounded by a few thousand stalwarts, who, rather than bow to the new order of things, chose to challenge the universe.

But it was to be. The revolution had to come —peacefully if possible, but come it would. The circumstance that to Great Britain was entrusted the work of enforcing Evolution's behest was but a detail of the great natural design. It would just as certainly have fallen to the lot of any other great Power, had it so happened that another European nation held the paramount place in the civilising influences of South Africa. Continental critics of England and some home ones, too, have almost entirely overlooked this aspect of the question. They goad at this country for what they are pleased to call "an unprovoked, a capitalist war." They purposely or ignorantly shut their eyes on the larger outlook.

President Kruger had several opportunities of escaping the wrath to come, of assimilating himself

and his burghers with the progressive conditions that threatened their existence. The new-comers were by no means ill disposed towards the old residents. They traded with them, married their daughters, purchased their farms, opened up their country, and gold flowed in and out of the land in a never-ending stream. There was room enough for all, and to spare.

The old Boer was essentially a farmer, and cared little and knew less about the magic power of the yellow metal that underlay the veldt. If he did concern himself at all about his neighbour on the Rand, or at the De Kaap and Lydenburg goldfields, it was merely as a customer for his produce; while as for the thousands and millions that were being amassed there, he preferred to keep aloof from the mad rush after sudden wealth, the feverish anxiety with which men pursued the fickle goddess of fortune in the strange "Cities of the Plain." For he has much of the patriarchal aversion to the crowded haunts and ways of big cities, though he has his own pet vices, sets at naught or knows nothing of the higher moralities, the refinements and decencies that elevate civilised centres, and in his hypocritical self-righteousness "compounds for sins

he is inclined to by damning those he has no mind to."

This, in a few words, was the material out of which Paul Kruger and his advisers might have made a nation. But they went the wrong way to work. Instead of conciliating the invading element, they did a great many things to estrange it.

Perhaps, if the mischievous ambitions always whispering at Oom Paul's elbow had been replaced by propitiatory counsels, the situation might have been saved, for if there was one man in the Transvaal who could have brought the old voortrekker into line with the new conditions, that man was Paul Kruger. But he allowed opportunity after opportunity to slip by.

It is not so very long ago, barely two years, that a certain percentage of the working-men Outlanders on the Rand were disposed, on purely economic grounds, to espouse the cause of the Pretoria clique, corrupt though they knew it to be, as against what they conceived to be certain tendencies on the part of the employers to curtail their rights and wage-earning prospects. The old struggle between capital and labour, though not in an acute form, was beginning to manifest itself on the Rand. Trade societies were being formed,

disputes were heard of at some of the mines, and the workman, quickly grasping the singular political balance, was preparing to take advantage of it. Which is nothing exceptional, and common throughout Europe, Australia, and America.

The more far-sighted men in Pretoria realised the significance of this departure, still in its infancy. Indeed, it was pretty well understood on the spot that the agitations of several of the labour leaders received secret official encouragement in the way of financial support, and had the movement grown to any dimensions, and Pretoria obtained the adhesion of the working-class element of Johannesburg, subsequent developments might have taken another turn.

But with a grim tenacity worthy of a better cause, Kruger kept the reins of a sole and undivided oligarchy in the hands of himself and his burghers. He refused to read the signs of the times. He made believe that, all in his own good time, whenever that might be, he would relax the bonds. He peddled and cajoled, he promised and wheedled. But nothing was actually done to ameliorate the political conditions of the Outlander. Until at last both masters and men agreed that no good could come out of Pretoria. They

joined forces in representing their grievous state, and the more they complained, the more they petitioned, Kruger the more tightly drew the cordon round his precious preserves.

His continual cry was, "Don't hurry me; give me time! My burghers are not ready to grant you your liberties. I am trying to bring them up to the point. Don't spoil my unceasing efforts for your liberation by doing anything precipitate." This sounds feasible enough to any one who does not know Kruger's overmastering personality, who has not been brought into contact with his overpowering influence with the burghers. Had he told them to grant a three years' unconditional franchise, I firmly believe that the majority would have assented without a murmur.

But they knew their Oom Paul. They saw the tongue in the cheek, they caught the wink in the other eye the while he talked plausible pleasantries to the confiding "rooineks." It was not his game to strengthen British influence in South Africa by any step so foolish as the incorporation of thousands of "the enemy" in the Parliamentary power of the land. They must think him bereft of his senses to entertain such an absurd idea! Words were all very well, and cheap, but their

practical application quite another matter. There might come a time, of course, when the Outlander could be admitted into the family party with safety to "the cause." But that time was not yet —not by a long chalk. The secret watchwords were—"Temporise, temporise; prevaricate, prevaricate."

What else is there to be said? What can be said more of the crass obstinacy, the blind stupidity of these eighteenth-century farmers? Many of them admitted that the state of affairs was impossible, that Nature, in the shape of the goldfields, had stepped in on their pastoral simplicity and issued a stern decree for their supercession. But they would not accept the obvious.

And perhaps, after all, they argued, Providence might intervene and work some miracle when they appealed to the arbitrament of the rifle.

Is it not sad that a people, in some respects admirable, should have been so ill advised as to call down on their own heads the righteous wrath of a great Empire? And will they and their professional sympathisers in Africa and Europe ever place the responsibility for their extinction as a nation on the right shoulders?

FROM SCHOOLMASTER TO MILLIONAIRE

WHATEVER else it did, the Kaiser's famous telegram in January 1896 made it possible for Dr. Leyds, the then Transvaal State Secretary, to go to Europe as "Minister Plenipotentiary" to the Republic—or, as I prefer to call the appointment, "Lord-High-Briber and Corrupter-in-General of the Continent of Europe and the United States of America." For that is what he really was with his office divested of diplomatic trappings and high-sounding pretensions.

Dr. Leyds' mission to Europe was part and parcel, and the first overt move, of the Krugerian conspiracy against Great Britain in South Africa. The ex-Javanese-Hollander was in the President's inner confidence—perhaps the only man who ever really was—and exercised over that wily despot an enormous amount of influence. It was

he, no doubt, who fanned the fire of absolute Republican Independence, always smouldering in the old man's mind, into the flames of a consuming passion for Dutch Domination throughout the sub-continent. A mad idea, most people at the time would have said, but, as events have proved, not so mad as it appeared. At all events, the ex-Dutch pedagogue, whom Kruger picked up during a visit to Holland, obtained an extraordinary ascendency over his master, whose natural cautiousness and love for sitting on the family stoep under the family tree dissolved in the visions of splendour called up by Leyds' exuberant fancies. Dreams of a patriarchal sway over a chosen people from the Cape to the Zambesi was just the sort of thing to enlist Kruger's sympathies, to sweep away his mental balance, to call to its fulfilment all the strength and cunning of which he was capable.

Now it must not be supposed that Leyds propounded a scheme like this without having a very considerable eye to the main chance. Though, apparently, his was "the vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself," he was playing a game of "Heads I win, tails you lose."

"How," it may be asked, "could that be; if

the conspiracy failed, Leyds would be the first to be submerged by the wreck?"

To explain this seeming contradiction, and for a proper conception of the state of the inner circles in Pretoria in 1897–98, about the time of Leyds' departure for Europe, one must trace the conditions that existed there during the previous ten years. On the discovery of the Rand goldfields, the opening up of the country, the inrush of Outlanders, and the consequent enrichment of the Treasury and enlargement of the scope and duties of Government, there suddenly arose a great demand for executive and departmental officials—a demand which the Boers themselves, otherwise the masters of the situation, could not supply, for they and their sons, almost without exception, were ignorant entirely of education, and only the few could write their own names. Consequently the farmers of the veldt turned to their more learned cousins across the seas, with the result that within a few months the Transvaal literally swarmed with Hollanders of all shades of colour, from the flaxen-haired youth of the Zuyder Zee to the swarthy-hued Oriental Dutchman of Java and the adjacent islands. They overran all the offices, dominated every branch of the

service, from the telegraphs and railways down to the meanest landdrost's and mining commissioner's berth, until, to all intents and purposes, the land ceased to be Boer, and became an appanage of Holland.

It was not likely that the old voortrekker and his sons looked with much favour on this sudden, if peaceful, revolution. They held the political and military power in their hands, certainly, but what was the value of either when confronted by the indispensable administrative and judicial functions and privileges of the Hollanders? Somebody must do the work, and better it should be one of their own kith and kin than a "rooinek," but it was hard, all the same, to stand idly by—they, the men and the sons of men who had made the country habitable—and see the legitimate fruits of their efforts swallowed up by others, the "emoluments" and sweets of office absorbed by the new-comer.

The Afrikander—Boer and Colonial alike—quickly saw his weakness, his want of education and refinement, and though it might be too late to remedy the defect so far as he himself was concerned, he determined that his sons should labour under no such disability. Thus it was

that the Colonial, Continental, and English and Scotch colleges and Universities have been engaged, during the past fifteen years, in turning out a large and clever body of young Afrikanders, exceedingly well equipped for the inevitable struggle for the spoils with their erstwhile comrades, the Hollanders.

Now, Leyds is no fool, even though he never possessed the right to consider himself a statesman in the proper meaning of the term. He was, more or less, a *poseur;* one of that class of men who make up for their lack of brains by a studied attitude of reserve, who contrive to impress the generality of mankind with the belief that their thoughts are too precious and their mental attitude too empyrean to admit of translation into the vulgar medium of speech—a type as common in Great Britain, perhaps, as in South Africa. Like many another before him, and since, Leyds was an adept at picking the brains of others. For instance, his reputation as a clever despatch-writer almost entirely rests on the celebrated Repudiation of the Suzerainty, which many Continental, and some British, international jurists held was unanswerable. Now, would it be believed that Leyds never wrote a word of that

despatch, except in the way of slight interlineation and verbal correction! It was the work—design, argument, and language—of Dr. Farrelly, an Irishman of brilliant attainments, a member of the English Bar, and, if I mistake not, one of the junior counsel in the famous Parnell Commission trial. Leyds' contribution was of a purely sub-editorial nature. He could no more write a despatch like that than he could fly.

But, if he lacked the higher qualities of statesmanship, he was essentially a 'cute man. He marked with uneasiness the increasing strength of the Afrikander Party in Pretoria as distinguished from the Hollander, backed up as the former was by the Raads and the Executive—for the crafty old Boer had been wise enough not to let slip from his grasp the ultimate source of power. The cry arose from over the veldt on all sides, "The fruits of the soil for the sons of the soil," and soon the "Sons of the Soil," educated and uneducated, began to elbow out the Hollander bureaucracy. In the struggle for highly-paid posts or positions of authority the Sons of the Soil began to emerge triumphant, and the Hollanders bade soon to become departmental

drudges, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

There also sprang into life an ominous antagonism against the State Secretary himself. The Afrikanders recognised in him the chief stumbling-block to their complete official dominance, and were jealous of his paramount influence with the President. His opponents grew more powerful day by day, his methods and authority were openly flouted by the Raads, and altogether the last year or two of Leyds' stay in Pretoria, despite Kruger's consistent preference, was not exactly a bed of roses.

The Jameson Raid came as his salvation. The Republic assumed an importance in Europe utterly out of proportion to its past history or its inherent claims. Now was Leyds' opportunity to shake off the dust of Pretoria, to free himself of his enemies within the gates, and to assume a position of greater freedom and less responsibility in Europe. With the aid of Kruger he created the coveted appointment, with a salary of £17,000 attached to the "Embassy," to say nothing of the immense sums of secret service money placed at his disposal, to be used at discretion. Leyds went to the Hague a rich man. It may safely be

asserted that he is a very much richer man now. But his deserted compatriots in the Transvaal fell upon evil times. The presence of his restraining influence once withdrawn, and needy young Afrikanderdom simply overwhelmed the helpless Hollander.

Some day, perhaps, Leyds may confess, or some one else will divulge, the secrets of his European mission. Was he sincere in his advice to Kruger and the Boers to launch the Ultimatum when they did, in the belief that they might absolutely rely on European or American intervention? Or was it a Machiavelian device to get even with the Afrikander Party, that had practically deposed him, and make it impossible for them to enjoy what he had been denied? The latter supposition is not so very far-fetched to those who know Leyds' cold, calculating, vengeful disposition. It is just the sort of startling anti-climax that his soul would delight in. And, though involved in the ruins himself, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that his enemies are completely buried in the destruction of the temple at Pretoria, never to rise again.

While he—has he not held the strings of the secret service money-bags?

And for a man of wealth and leisure, is not Europe a pleasant place, where Chamberlain shall cease from troubling and Afrikanders are no more?

A TYPE OF THE EDUCATED ANGLOPHOBE

MR. J. S. SMUTS, late the Transvaal State Attorney, is chief of the many young men on the Afrikander side whom the stirring events of the last four years in that part of the world have brought to the front. Originally a colonial Afrikander, he attracted the attention of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who, it is said, defrayed the cost of his education and made it possible for him to go to Cambridge, where he took high honours, including a gold medal. On his return to Capetown he hung about the law courts, and filled in his spare time by reporting Parliamentary debates for a Capetown daily newspaper.

Having lost the confidence of the Colossus, and chafing at the non-recognition of his talent, the future State Attorney, allured by the possibilities of the Land of Gold, where lawyers

flourished exceedingly, made his way to the Transvaal. Here, too, his hopes were at first doomed to disappointment. His contemporaries at Johannesburg, where he principally practised, thought little either of his legal acumen or of his mental powers—powers which he afterwards showed he possessed to a considerable extent.

So that when Gregorowski resigned the State Attorneyship to become Chief Justice, the Transvaal Bar were indignant at the appointment to the vacancy of this comparatively unknown youth, whose treatment hitherto by his colleagues had been that of toleration, tinged with dislike.

Of course there was a reason, and a very good reason, for the elevation of Smuts to so unexpected an altitude, and those behind the scenes were not slow to discover it. Qualifications of a high legal or personal order were not essential to preferment under the Krugerian *régime*. Matters of much greater moment than academic or forensic distinctions were being dealt with in the crucible of the Afrikander workshop.

It transpired that Smuts, after his severance from the Rhodesian influence, enjoyed the confidence and grew high in the esteem of Hofmeyr, Molteno, Merriman, and the rest of the Camp

Street clique in Capetown. He was a man after their own hearts—ambitious, unscrupulous, 'cute to a degree in the Afrikander sense—a distinction little realised in England—with the halo of an English University reputation round his head, and, therefore (so they argued), an authority on British methods, with an intimate knowledge of British politics and politicians. Here was the very man to put in the forefront of the coming struggle, for of him great things might be expected. Besides, was he not an Afrikander of the Afrikanders, and an invaluable aid to the party at Pretoria engaged in a desperate attempt to oust the Hollander faction, who had for so long ruled the roast?

Kruger and the Executive, who were all-powerful, deprived of the services of Leyds, and irritated by the fussy intellectualities of Reitz, his successor, welcomed the new State Attorney with warmth, and it is not too much to say that Kruger took him to his bosom almost from the outset. The old President keenly felt the loss of Leyds' sustaining advice; he was now irrevocably embarked on the perilous seas of the Great Conspiracy, and he yearned for some one of the younger school on whom he could rely for

counsel in the looming encounter with the modern European intellect.

With all his attainments, however, it is doubtful if Kruger could have chosen a worse guide, philosopher, and friend than the confident young man whom he installed in office. Smuts was devoid of the inestimable quality of the sage balance that experience and much reflection bring to the promptings of ambition, and, moreover, he believed he was a Man with a Mission, and the match, because of his University successes, of any Britisher in the diplomatic arena. In a word, he lacked ballast, and was surcharged with his own conceit. But what was really the pardonable weakness of a young man, intoxicated by the exuberance of his sudden good fortune, was mistaken by the grave gentlemen round the Executive Table for indications of astonishing cleverness.

Every one soon knew that he was the head, and not merely the nominal chief, of the department over which he presided. He lent his energies to the reform of the detective and police forces, in essaying which he met and overthrew the opposition of the "vested interests," comprising many of Kruger's old cronies and personal relations.

He forced measures through the Raad against almost insuperable obstacles, and though in doing so he incurred the suspicion of the old dopper, he made himself much feared, and his ascendency grew day by day.

Reitz's weaknesses, and Kruger's scarcely concealed contempt for the literary prophet of the Revolution, gave Smuts his opportunity, and he was not slow to seize it. He soon wielded more influence with the President and the Executive than any other man within the Republic.

It is commonly supposed that the series of despatches in answer to Mr. Chamberlain's masterly indictments were all the work of the State Secretary's head and brain. They were, for the most part, nothing of the sort. Reitz may have exercised a cursory supervision over all their terms and purport, but their germination and evolution were frequently the work of Smuts, and, should there be any disagreement, it was always Smuts who gained the day. While the State Secretary went up and down the country lecturing on the French Revolution, and evolving what he considered to be literary masterpieces in the seclusion of his study, or inquiring, with

painful devotion to detail, into some infinitesimal and transitory excrescence in his own department, the State Attorney laid hold of the reins of active power, and forged and sharpened the instruments that were to sever the links that bound South Africa to Great Britain.

This gradual usurpation of authority and enlargement of responsibility were coincident with Smuts' growing fanatical belief in himself, and flattered by his admirers and incited by the War Party he began to assume the pose of "the Afrikander Napoleon." He really fancied that to him was deputed the task of shaping a new Empire—a United States of South Africa, with the Vierkleur flying over it, and the ultimate and not far distant succession to the Presidency as the reward of his exertions.

It was Smuts, and not Reitz, who conducted the *pourparlers* and negotiations with Sir Conyngham Greene, sometimes at the British Residency, sometimes at the Government Offices, at others at his own house; his the nose that was trusted to sniff out the British designs. He simulated an affectionate regard for her Majesty's representative in Pretoria, and the personal relations between the two were the constant theme of the capital

and the suspicious regard of the Raadsleden, who did not favour this friendly interchange of courtesies, and would, if they could, have prevented any trafficking with the enemy. They were not familiar with the usages of diplomacy, though it is not to be supposed that Mr. Greene (as he then was) was altogether blind to the State Attorney's methods, or omitted to divine the ulterior motives of his friend.

There was bound, of course, to be an end of this seeming hobnobbing, and it came when Smuts gave the lie direct to the British Agent's version of the memorable conversation concerning the franchise and the abandonment of the Suzerainty contention, alleged by the former to have been tacitly dropped over Mr. Greene's dinner-table. No one who knows the personal character of both men will hesitate for a moment which to believe. Sir C. Greene is a gentleman of unblemished honour, whose word is his bond, and whose account of what took place is borne out by all the probabilities of the case. Few men of the world who have watched Smuts' career would believe him farther than they could see him. The pleasant relations that had existed between the two were broken off, and the British Agent's opinion of

Mr. Smuts is recorded in the archives of the Colonial Office.

Meanwhile Smuts, on whom the burden of the secret campaign now principally rested, was the medium for the exchange of views and intentions between Capetown and Pretoria. Nothing was done by the Transvaal Government without lengthy telegraphic confabulations with the Cape capital and Bloemfontein, and trusted emissaries passed each other every day to and from the chief actors in the conspiracy. The "tapes" recording these deliberations, if preserved either at Pretoria, Bloemfontein, or Capetown, ought to be of incalculable value to Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain in disclosing the hidden ramifications of the Afrikander drama.

When matters came to a crisis it was Smuts who finally prevailed on Kruger to sign the fatal Ultimatum, and one can well picture the expression with which the scheming young Afrikander waited with pen in hand, while the arch old hypocrite dropped on his knees within the Executive Chamber, and professed to seek counsel of the Almighty in the pretended dilemma in which the British Government was said to have placed him.

It must have been a scene worthy the brush of a Rembrandt.

Smuts will be remembered as the "Afrikander Napoleon" who did not arrive, and though the British Government may not think it desirable to place him out of harm's way on St. Helena, it will not be because he has not partly deserved the fate of the great exile through whom the lonely isle in the Atlantic possesses such historic interest.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF THE CAPE DUTCH

THE result of the last Cape General Election, by which a Bond Ministry was installed in power by a narrow majority, had, as all the world knows, the most important bearing on the events which have since shaken South Africa to its very foundations. The Bond party, owing to a system similar to that which prevails in Ireland—which enjoys more than its fair share of Parliamentary representation, reckoned on the basis of population or taxable capacity—managed to just scrape in by the skin of their teeth.

Now, this result was not achieved without the expenditure of enormous sums of money. The Progressives made no secret of the fact that their campaign chest was largely augmented from Rhodesian sources, but from whence did the Bond obtain their sinews of war? There was no

central fund, frankly admitted, as is the case in England by both the great political parties. The leaders of the Bond were men of position, but certainly not in the financial sense, while as for rank and file, contributions from them to the party exchequer were out of the question. Where, then, asked the South African Imperialist, does the money come from?

Certain it is that, for the first time in its history, the Bond knew what it was to have unlimited financial backing. In all the contested elections of importance gold was flung about with reckless prodigality. Had Mr. Hofmeyr stumbled on a diamond mine or prospected a new and fabulously rich gold reef? Men whose shoes a few weeks before were worn down to the uppers, and who lounged about Pretoria and Johannesburg, suddenly blossomed out into Bond candidates of irreproachable get-up and an apparently unlimited supply of the wherewithal with which to prosecute their campaigns. Mr. Stiglingh, a Rand auctioneer, was financed directly from Pretoria to fight Mr. Rhodes at Barkley West. The ex-Premier suspected, though he could not prove, the source from whence his opponent obtained the "sinews of war." When war broke

out Stiglingh practically admitted that he was in the pay of Pretoria and turned rebel.

Pretoria was not utterly devoid of humour in those days, and there was doubtless a subtle gratification, the essence of poetic justice to the Boer mind in the employment of the wealth of the Rand for defeating the Progressive policy, financed from Rhodesian sources.

To say that Pretoria was intensely interested by the result of this General Election is to put it very mildly. The conspirators there went nearly mad with excitement and joy. At one stroke the Afrikander dream had been brought almost to the verge of realisation!

With a Bond Ministry in power, with the reins of responsible government entrusted to their friends at the Cape, the hands of Sir Alfred Milner were tied, and Mr. Chamberlain's protestations rendered of none or little effect! The plotters could pursue their secret plans without fear of let or hindrance, and treat the most vigorous British representations with the airy indifference of complete security. In one short, brief struggle the whole aspect of South African affairs had been revolutionised. The Dutch throughout the sub-continent had at last got the upper hand, and

they had both the power and the will to make the most of their good fortune.

Whenever British and Continental politicians feel disposed to criticise the subsequent action of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner they might do worse than bear the foregoing facts in mind, for they will help them to appreciate in part some of the difficulties with which British statesmanship was confronted throughout the long and nugatory negotiations that ensued between Downing Street and Pretoria.

To the Bond Ministry was deputed the *rôle* of friendly critic—to keep the drag, so to speak, on Sir Alfred, and take care he should do nothing that would embarrass Pretoria. Camp Street fulfilled the allotted task with a certain amount of success; that is, almost every one thought it did, though perhaps not Sir Alfred himself. The new Ministers professed an unbiased attitude, and were ever ready to chip in at crucial episodes of the diplomatic encounter; but, strange to say, their conclusions and recommendations were always adverse to the High Commissioner. Some perhaps were sincere, but even they unconsciously played the game of Pretoria in a way that must have gladdened the heart of Kruger exceedingly.

Meanwhile, prominent Bondsmen were constantly making pilgrimages to Pretoria. Many well-known Cape Dutchmen came and went on secret missions. They were tried and trusted men like Mr. Van den Heever—or "Oom Dantje," as he was affectionately known to "Oom Paul"—and they never left Pretoria empty handed. It is impossible for me to say how thousands of Mausers were conveyed to the Western Provinces of the Cape and distributed amongst the Dutch farmers of those districts, but there are several men still numbered among her Majesty's subjects who could say. Mr. Erasmus, of the Transvaal Secret Service, could also make some interesting affidavits on this score, and some day he may oblige; or it may be that some repentant Cape field-cornet who acted as middleman, and secretly distributed the rifles and ammunition, will disclose the *modus operandi.* The Boer munitions of war which have not been carried over the border during the recent abortive risings are still somewhere in the disturbed areas. They have been put away, and will remain hidden until the trouble has blown over. But that the bulk of them still enjoy a safe asylum in certain portions of her Majesty's "loyal" colony is beyond dispute.

When war did break out the Dutch colonists were somewhat backward in coming forward. They argued that, if they were to take up arms against her Majesty, and the issue should go against them, their farms and other property would be confiscated and their persons attainted. They were not reassured altogether by the Bond undertaking that they would see that nothing of the sort should happen in so dire an eventuality. The conflagration of the Cape—part of the "staggering" process—hung fire, and Pretoria was driven to its wit's-end to devise some scheme whereby the fears of its Cape brethren might be allayed and their active support ensured with little or no risk in the event of failure.

It was then that a Pretoria genius, a little "slimmer" than the rest, hatched the plan for raiding the disaffected portions of the Cape, proclaiming them conquered territory, and annexing them in the name of the Republics. It was a very simple procedure, and would provide the very means of escape from the consequences of their action that the incipient rebels asked for. They and their farms would be commandeered by the "enemy," they would have no choice but to throw in their lot with the "invader," and, under

fear of death and rapine they would reluctantly join the Federal forces. It was a delightfully conceived idea, and it worked like a charm. Large tracts of her Majesty's territory were "impressed" into the Republican service, and large numbers of her Majesty's subjects were "ruthlessly" added to the invading commandos.

These are the men whom the majority of the Bond, under Hofmeyr's leadership, are making desperate efforts to shield from disfranchisement! One tries to imagine in vain the exact form of punishment that would be meted out to rebels under similar circumstances by Russia, or France, or Germany, whose Press has devoted so much attention to stories of "British brutality." Surely it would be "something lingering, with boiling oil in it."

As it is, however, these Cape rebels find a perfectly astonishing fund of sympathy even in high political circles in England. Nothing must be done, we are told, to hurt their tender susceptibilities. They must be restored to their farms, their "sporting rifles" must be left untouched, they must be taken back without demur to the bosom of the Imperial family, they must be armed anew with the political power to wreak vengeance and stir up strife afresh!

Is it strange that the British Afrikander, who has suffered and risked so much for his faith, should stare aghast at a proposal so appallingly foolish? In his eyes it is putting a premium on treason, flouting his own sorely-tried loyalty, and laying the foundation for future rebellion.

There is a point where kindness merges into criminal weakness, and the advocates of the "Forget-and-forgive" and "Let-us-begin-again-with-a-clean-slate" policy seemed to have reached it.

Kruger once before touched the heart of Europe with his "Forget-and-forgive" burlesque. Are his "brother Boers" at the Cape to be permitted to play the confidence trick over again?

They say it is preposterous to think for a moment that the Federals ever seriously intended to pursue their invasion of Cape Colony or Natal until the "rooineks" were driven into the sea.

But it was a matter of common notoriety throughout the Transvaal, in the months of November and December, that Pietermaritzburg, Durban, and Capetown were Boer objectives. A great number of burghers actually gave addresses at Durban and Capetown hotels to which letters and parcels were to be forwarded.

THE BOND IN ITS TRUE COLOURS

"IF the Imperial Government insisted on annexation, peace and prosperity would be irretrievably wrecked, and the effects would be disastrous, and the country would never know harmony again."

"Any settlement, to ensure lasting friendship, peace, and prosperity, should be on the basis that unqualified freedom and independence should be restored to the Republics, and that the Cape Colonists should have a voice in the appointment of the Governor, which would make it unnecessary to keep standing armies to control the people."

These are two resolutions passed in June at the meeting of the Bond at Graaf Reinet, the heart of Dutch disaffection in the colony. They put the case for the Dutch Afrikander in a nutshell.

The war resolved the Bond into two camps—one comprised of passive rebels, who cheer Boer successes, and talk about their "constitutional right" to dictate to the High Commissioner and the Colonial Office; the other consists of those who, having the courage of their convictions, embraced the logical conclusion of the Bond doctrine, and took up arms with the Boers.

It is the fashion among certain politicians in Great Britain and on the Continent to deny the existence, in any organised form, of a Dutch conspiracy at the Cape against British rule. They betray a strange ignorance of the electrical condition of South African politics during the past few years, when it was clearly apparent to even the casual observer that influences were at work, plans being hatched, and preparations made for the birth of an idea which had for its central aim, its dominant motive, the destruction of British authority in the sub-continent.

Around this contention much controversy will rage, both at home and in Africa, during the next few months. Pro-Boerdom will cry for "Proofs!"—as though conspirators carried about with them documentary evidence of their guilt; or as if

Bill Sikes, on burgling bent, would explain to the policeman on the beat the time, place, and methods of his next nefarious enterprise! Though as yet there is a dearth of tangible evidence of Bond treason, there is an abundance of circumstantial proof which ought to leave no reasonable, unprejudiced mind in doubt on the point. Certainly, no Britisher who has spent any length of time in South Africa, whether he goes out there Liberal or Conservative, Imperialist or Little Englander, cherishes any misgivings on the subject. The crash that came last October was bound to come, sooner or later. No doubt it was precipitated by that stupid, indefensible business, the Jameson Raid—perhaps the worst thing that ever befell British interests in South Africa. For it not only upset Rhodes' "apple-cart," but nearly upset the Imperial "apple-cart" as well. It tied the hands of British statesmen behind their backs; it gave the Boers an immense moral standing in Europe and America; it made it possible for Pretoria to prepare for war on a gigantic scale, with apparently good reason; it strengthened the Bond to an almost incalculable extent; and it lent, and still lends, colour to the persistent calumny that this war is a capitalist

war, and that Great Britain is flinging the weight of a mighty Empire into a sordid struggle for the possession of the mineral wealth of the Transvaal.

But the Jameson raid, Outlander grievances, and capitalist agitation were symptoms, not causes. They were the natural outcome of the widespread feeling of unrest and distrust pervading the whole country. They were merely the splutterings and heavings that precede the mighty eruption.

The volcanic upheaval, however, came fifteen or twenty years too soon for the Dutch Afrikander—"Africa for the Afrikander"—Party. They were not ready, the seed was not yet ripe, England's hands were free to chasten and correct. And, in passing, it may be added that if there could be any excuse for the Raid it can only be the Jesuitical one of the end justifying the means; for it is beyond question that Jameson's dash across the Transvaal border acted as a poultice on a blister and brought a hidden matter more quickly to the light.

Successive High Commissioners and Governors must have seen, though dimly, what was going on. But until the advent of Sir Alfred Milner no

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High Commissioner dared to call his mind his own if the Bond or the "loyal Dutch Colonist" asserted otherwise. If he persisted in any course of action fatal to Dutch designs he was easily rendered powerless by the old trick of alarming Downing Street with the existence of "grave dissatisfaction and discontent," and the imminence of a bloody racial conflict. This was the trump-card that always won with the British Government, and this is the reason why South Africa is known as "the Grave of Reputations." The game was worked successfully on Mr. Gladstone and Lord Kimberley in 1881. The latter has placed on record that the then Cabinet threw up the sponge after Majuba because of certain communications made to the effect that, unless Great Britain withdrew her hand from the Transvaal, he could not restrain the Free Staters from throwing in their lot with Kruger. And the Cabinet allowed itself to be "spoofed"—for there is no other word for it.

The process of "spoofing" has been going on at intervals ever since. Whenever the Idea was threatened by a strong Colonial Secretary or High Commissioner, the old "bogey" was trotted out and even should some Ministry resolve to

grasp the nettle firmly, such was the exasperating tendency of party politics in England that ere the hand closed it was withdrawn, and stings only were the result. The vacillation and want of continuity of the British Colonial Office have much to answer for.

Of recent years, however, a change has come over the scene. The old, bad system of the Ins reversing the policy of the Outs, not from principle, but out of sheer cussedness, has been rendered impossible by an indignant nation aroused, though nearly too late, to the spectacle of politicians playing at "ducks and drakes" with the Empire's colonies for the sake of party fetishes.

This wise departure marked an entirely new era in South Africa, and the unique spectacle was afforded of members of both great political parties uniting in blessing Sir Alfred Milner's appointment to the High Commissionership, and, trusted and encouraged to a remarkable degree, he went out with practically a free hand.

It took the conspirators at the Cape a long time to make head or tail of him. His unruffled demeanour, his desire to encourage friendly relations with the Bond, his apparent obliviousness

to the obvious, the hardly repressed disappointment of the Cape Imperialist at the High Commissioner's "coquettings with the enemy," his pretty little speeches at country flower shows to crowds of admiring Dutchmen—all combined to make a problem extremely puzzling to the astute Afrikander. Was Sir Alfred fooling them, or were they fooling Sir Alfred? They tried to draw him, but without avail: his public conduct was irreproachable, he was the model of suavity and discretion, he did and said nothing that could be construed into Bond or Progressive partisanship.

But if they were watching the High Commissioner, they, in turn, were also being carefully studied. So that when, in the fulness of time, Sir Alfred's deductions began to take concrete shape, when England and the world were startled by the succession of trenchant despatches reviewing the whole South African trouble, and with splendid insight placing the finger of precision on exactly the right centres of mischief—when, in short, it began to dawn on the conspirators in Capetown, Bloemfontein, and Pretoria that the mask was being torn from their faces at last, there was quite a flutter in the dovecotes.

First of all the old game was resorted to of

playing off "Dutch loyalty" as against the "insinuations" of the High Commissioner. Every time Sir Alfred wrote a despatch on the Transvaal question the Bond majority voted resolutions which were practically counter-despatches, and sometimes before Pretoria had even answered.

Meetings of the Bond were called up and down the country, violent harangues were delivered, the enormities of the High Commissioner and Mr. Chamberlain were fiercely dilated on, and desperate efforts made to secure Sir Alfred's recall. This time, however, the game didn't work. For once they had run up against a strong man—a man who saw through all their subterfuges, penetrated all their disguises, estimated their much-vaunted loyalty at its proper value, and who, once having made up his mind, refused to budge an inch.

He had, as it were, dragged out of his hiding-place the lurking assassin waiting for the time to strike, and it was clear, also, that he meant to dispossess him of his dagger, or of the power to harm in the future.

British politicians, with the usual irreconcilable exceptions, and the British people as a whole, realised at last the danger that threatened them,

and Sir Alfred was assured of a backing absolutely unprecedented in the annals of British diplomacy. The British colonial, hardly able to credit the evidence of his senses, saw that the long reign of incertitude and vacillation had come to an end, and almost leapt for joy. The Dutch Afrikander—Transvaaler, Free Stater, and Bondman—recognised that there must either be a signal recognition of British paramountcy, in the shape of the "irreducible minimum" with its attendant consequences, or a general clearing of the decks for action. They were on the horns of a dilemma. They must either bow the knee to this inflexible representative of British might and domination and abandon their cherished schemes, or they must fight.

They decided to fight, and, having fought and lost, the Cape section of the vanquished have the insolence to come forward and attempt to impose conditions of peace. They, the peace-breakers, talk of "harmony and lasting friendship," demand the restoration of the independence of the Republics, claim a voice in the appointment of the Governor, and threaten all sorts of dire things should their appeal be disregarded!

They have done their worst, and the British

people are not to be "spoofed" again. For, whatever they may prophesy to the contrary, there will be no more rebel risings in the Cape. The loyalists will see to that. And, besides, the arsenal and bank at Pretoria are now closed.

AFRICAN ISHMAELITES

MANY men of judgment and experience in South Africa never tire of reiterating that, had it not been for the noxious influence of the Hollander in the Transvaal, Briton and Boer would at this very moment be living together in harmony, and that the stirring history of the last three or four years would never have been made.

That there is a considerable substratum of truth in this cannot be gainsaid, though to put all the burden of the present internecine strife on the shoulders of the imported Dutchmen from Holland and the East Indies is going rather too far.

At the same time, there is sufficient element of fact in the assertion to justify the charge against the Transvaal Hollanders of being the bane of their adopted country, and, incidentally, of the whole sub-continent.

In the gradual assimilation of the races—British and Dutch—a process that for several generations,

by intermarriage, community of interests, education, and the like, has been going on throughout the Cape and the Orange River State—there were necessarily many temporary hitches to be overcome, many divergent views to be reconciled, many rough places to be smoothed over and healed by mutual forbearance. And this process, in many districts, was attended with the happiest results. Confidence grew, and under the wise elasticity of English law, that was happening in South Africa which has happened in Canada and everywhere else under the British flag, and is the despair of every rival Colonial Power.

Apparently irreconcilable manners, customs, tongues and sects were being welded, though slowly, into one homogeneous whole, socially, if not politically, for the latter always comes last.

Farther north, however, and more distantly remote from these beneficent influences, there lived the old, dour voortrekker, who, despite his many good qualities, had an invincible aversion to anything in the way of progress, either political or material, was quite intolerant of civil restraint of the slightest degree, a law unto himself, who only asked that he should be let alone.

And let alone he probably would have been, had not Fate, in the shape of the goldfields, made that impossible.

In a moment, as it were, these seventeenth-century farmers, bigoted, ignorant, many of the more isolated "casting back" in the direction of primitive savagery, this strange admixture of Huguenot, Calvinist, and mystic, were brought face to face with all the wonderful conditions, and, to them, paralysing and irritating perplexities of modern civilisation.

In the ordinary course of events, time would probably have bridged over this gulf—most likely in the lifetime of the younger generation—and the transforming power of education and association have worked the usual miracle. Everything was in favour of such an assumption. The War of Independence was being rapidly forgotten. Majuba Day was beginning to lose its sting for the Britisher, and the anniversary promised soon to have no more significance than attaches to any ordinary calendar incident. In short, there was every indication that Boer and Briton would agree to forget their differences and join hands in pursuit of mutual prosperity.

This was not to be. The roseate hopes of

a happy and contented land were dashed by the advent of the Hollander, who literally swarmed into the Transvaal. He was generally very young, very ambitious, very cocksure, adopted a patronising air towards his race-cousin by virtue of his superior education—"amongst the blind the one-eyed is king"—appropriated all the best things going, and strutted over the veldt.

He enjoyed, over other European office-seekers, the very great advantage in those days of speaking Dutch, which, although hardly recognisable to the authors of the "Taal," was the next best thing to it, and with the growth of the country he grew also. Not that he was not worthy of his hire. He did work which would have been difficult of accomplishment otherwise, for most of the Colonial Afrikanders coming north were too busy prospecting and piling up their hundreds or thousands to care much about a departmental or local office, even at a lucrative salary, or even with great potentialities in the way of "perquisites."

So the Hollander spread, octopus-like, over the whole country, from Pietersberg to Volksrust and Vereeniging, and from Zeerust to Koomatiepoort. Every steamer of the German East African line deposited at Delagoa Bay either a brother or a

cousin, a father, or a son of the original place-hunters, and the Hollander clique rapidly became powerful.

With the introduction of the railways, particularly those of the Netherlands Company, almost entirely staffed and managed by Hollander officials, the new element became more and more official, and "high Dutch" became quite the fashion in Pretoria, and ousted the "Taal" completely from the Government offices.

Meanwhile, the Outlander proper paid little heed to what was going on inside the Boer camp; or, if he did, he merely shrugged his shoulders and muttered a pious hope that the contending factions would eat each other up. Generally speaking, he was too busy making money to concern himself as to where the "perquisites" went. King Log or King Stork—it was all the same to him.

But the Boer himself awoke to the fact that he was being ousted from his own dominion—not by the enemy outside the gate, but by the friend inside. He, the voortrekker, had laboured hard to found the country. Providence had showered every blessing upon a faithful people, but just when the harvest was ripening there came the

European stranger—distant relation though he might be—to gather the grain.

It was not the "rooinek" whom he had to fear, but the wily Hollander!

About the time of the Jameson Raid the growing animosity between the Boer and the Hollander was fast coming to a head, and it played a considerable part in the Reform movement of that period. Many Dutch Afrikanders of repute were known to secretly sympathise with the Johannesburg Reformers in their attempt to break up the Pretoria clique, not so much because they loved the Outlander more as that they loved the Hollander less. It was openly stated that the chiefs of the movement had received the tacit approval of so high a personage as the late General Joubert, besides several official Afrikanders in the Golden City, and it was still further alleged, and I believe with perfect truth, that the seizure of certain correspondence after the abortive rising disclosed the existence of a formidable Afrikander cave, in conjunction with the Reformers, against the Hollander domination at the capital.

Even with the failure of the Reformers in 1896, the movement against the Hollanders did not

cease. But Leyds was all-powerful with the President, and he had surrounded himself with an impenetrable barrier of compatriots, who clung together with the desperation of self-preservation. They knew that they would have to sink or swim together.

To show how powerful they really were one instance will suffice. The then editor of the *Standard and Diggers' News*, more or less a Government organ, elected at this time to espouse the cause of the Afrikanders as against the Hollanders, and conducted a crusade in this spirit in his columns. He had, however, reckoned without his Leyds. That arch-Hollander came down upon the luckless journalist like a ton of bricks, and demanded his instant removal, a demand which the proprietors were powerless to resist. Local Hollander feeling was aroused to such an extent that the editor was in actual fear of his life from the assassin's knife or bullet, and eventually he had to fly the country in a locked and reserved saloon through the dead of night. This was told to me by the editor in question, a late colleague.

It will be seen that there was not much love lost between Boers and Hollanders, and that, as the former could shoot and the latter could not,

and, moreover, possessed the voting power, there was only one end to the rivalry sooner or later.

From this point dates the intense Transvaal anti-British propaganda, and although in some degree due to the events of the Raid, the motive of its inceptors was chiefly to divert Boer hostility from the Hollander head to the pate of the luckless Outlander. In a great measure the trick succeeded. Slumbering dislike of the British was fanned into a blaze of hatred, the Boer was made to believe that Great Britain had serious designs on his independence and his homestead, that the Raid was but a feeler, that Jameson was in the pay of the British Government, and that he had better secretly prepare for the coming day of battle.

The average burgher, deluded by this cunningly-drawn herring across the trail, forgot to remember his Hollander prejudices, and focused his attention on the "rooinek." The Hollander breathed a sigh of relief. He was safe for a little while longer. He had put off the evil day, and who could tell what might happen in the future?

The ambitious Afrikander urged Kruger into war from love of domination. The Hollander

was no less vehement in the same direction, from motives of self-preservation.

The contempt of the Boer for the Hollander is even greater than his contempt used to be for Tommy Atkins. And I shall be greatly mistaken if, when the war is over, and the remnant of the Boers sit down and ponder over the past, their contempt for the Hollander is not changed into hatred of the most virulent type when they realise that they are the victims of his official cupidity.

The Hollander has now ceased to exist in any part of South Africa for all practical purposes. While he remained in the Transvaal peace and returning good-will between Briton and Boer were alike impossible, for it was always his interest to inflame the national differences. Thus it is that Lord Roberts is doing the right thing in expelling all the Hollander officials, railway and others, from the country where they have done so well for themselves and served their benefactors so ill.

When a batch of them, about one hundred in number, recently left Standerton for their homes in Europe, they cursed and reviled the English, and promised to "return again in three months."

Were it possible, by some sudden freak of

fortune, that Kruger should "come to his own again," and be reinstalled in power—even then I doubt very much if many departed Hollanders would again set foot on Transvaal soil. The Boer has had enough of them.

They are the Ishmaelites of South Africa. Their hand is against every man—Boer, Briton, Afrikander alike—and every man's hand is against them.

They are, speaking as a class, conceited intriguers with enlarged spleens, and are best out of South Africa, which has no place for ill-conditioned, mischief-making mortals of their stamp.

On their arrival in Europe we shall probably be inundated with the most terrible stories of British oppression and cruelty. They will endeavour to rekindle the dying embers of the fires that Leyds and his journalistic mercenaries have stoked so assiduously throughout Belgium and Holland and France, and even farther afield, since the outbreak of the war. It is doubtful, however, if they will succeed. People generally, even on the Continent, are getting tired of the "perfidious Albion" business. It doesn't pay to make an implacable foe of the Britisher, and they are beginning to find that out. Besides, the oil that

greases the machinery of mendacity manufacture is running out.

The Hollanders who have been ousted will receive a large measure of sympathy, and their cries for redress will find an answering echo from the "year-in-year-out" Anglophobes, but that is all.

But they have, to all intents and purposes, shaken the red dust of the Transvaal from off their feet for ever. It may seem hard, but it is the inexorable logic of events. For they are more impossible in the Transvaal under British than under Boer rule. And much better men can be found to fill their places.

A MUCH-HATED MAN

At one time the best-hated man in Africa was Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The rancour borne him by the Dutch conspirators, and through them transmitted to the remotest corners of the veldt, was at one time positively thrilling in its transpontine intensity.

Of course no man worth his salt in this world of strife ever escaped being well hated by somebody or other. And if he stands up on high he suffers the hatred of thousands when otherwise it would be limited to units. His consolation comes in fervent love or admiration on a correspondingly large scale. It is in the nature of things.

The Boers and the Bond know, and could tell you, forcibly and without reservation, why they hate Mr. Rhodes. But they cannot tell you precisely why they hate Mr. Chamberlain, though they hate him with a perfectly livid fury. He has

displaced the Colossus as "the best-hated man in Africa."

I often, whilst in the Transvaal, tried to discover the determining factor which would satisfactorily account for the, to me, unreasoning vehemence of the virulent aversion in which H.M. Colonial Secretary was held, not by the ignorant or depraved Boer alone, but by Afrikanders of light and leading whose prejudices and passions, one would suppose, should have been under some measure of intellectual restraint.

I would ask, as gently as I could—long before the war—what Mr. Chamberlain had really done to incur so signally the dislike of Pretoria and Capetown statesmen. I seldom, if ever, got a straightforward reply. Usually the answer took the form of a baleful glare and an expletive. Occasionally, under a little sympathetic pressure, this strange phenomenon of otherwise fairly regulated minds took something like articulate shape.

The head and front of his offending appeared to be that he had, with provoking persistency, contrary to all British precedent, ventured to put his finger into the South African pie, and, a still more unheard-of thing, betrayed signs that he

meant to keep it there until satisfied of its wholesomeness.

How dared he obtrude himself in matters which neither affected him nor the people of England! What did he know of the conditions out of which South Africa was forging a southern empire? It was all very well for him to concern himself with the affairs of Britain's smaller dependencies, but in matters purely South African he was neither the man, nor was the time opportune, for interfering with, or stamping his personality on the destinies of a free people, who, though some of them did for the time owe allegiance to the British Crown, yet were quite competent to work out their own salvation!

"But what has he done? Why do you hate him so?"

Well, in the first place he had stifled the deliberations and tampered with the findings of the South African Committee! He was hand-in-glove with Rhodes and Jameson, he gave the Raid his secret benediction, he was the arch-plotter who designed the destruction of the South African Republic! In short, he was everything that was malevolent, and had determined, at any cost, to make for himself a lasting reputation by the

destruction of Afrikander freedom and the reckless spilling of blood.

"And the proofs of all this?"

Why, was that necessary at this stage? Had he not been openly accused of these things in the British House of Commons? Had not Mr. Labouchere, week by week in the columns of *Truth*, and other publicists, laid bare the whole disgraceful business? Was not Sir William Harcourt's retirement from political life due to his silent acquiescence in Mr. Chamberlain's nefarious works? Were not the undivulged telegrams positive evidence that he dare not let the world see to what extent he, a Minister of the Crown, had embroiled himself in the unlawful conspiracy against the independence of the Transvaal?

Could any one with a grain of sense, I was asked, doubt that Mr. Chamberlain was tied to the apron-strings of the capitalists, who forced him to use his high office and his almost illimitable power for their unholy ends?

Was it possible, if these suspicions, almost amounting to certainty, had no foundation in fact, that reputable English and Irish politicians should publicly insinuate, nay, actually state, that

the Raad inquiry was hushed up to preserve the Colonial Secretary's political career and to hide an appalling scandal?

It was a matter of common knowledge, I was told, that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes were in constant consultation. Of course Mr. Chamberlain denied it, but that was the obvious thing to say! And if he did not take his orders from Mr. Rhodes, he at least was known to be in close confab with Mr. Alfred Beit, Mr. Rhodes' partner.

And so the accumulating weight of "circumstantial evidence" would be piled up, until really one had to possess very definite ideas of British statesmanship and experience of the fecundity of the political imagination not to be half persuaded that there might be something after all in these wild ravings of the Afrikander brain.

Is it to be wondered that the dissemination of the anti-, the bitterly anti-Chamberlain hysteria caught on? The seed was sown on soil peculiarly adapted to its fruition. The Afrikander, a very "slim" gentleman himself, gives credit to every one else for slimness of nearly an equal degree, though, being inordinately vain, he imagines that he is just a trifle "slimmer" than

the "slimmest" of his contemporaries. He is accustomed from his youth up to work by devious ways, and that diplomacy or statesmanship can be and are conducted on honourable and straightforward lines is utterly beyond his comprehension. He looks for some fell design in the most simple statement; outwardly trustful, he mentally "winks the other eye" at a transparent truth—the more crystal it is the more unlikely is he to give it credence.

Thus it was that Mr. Chamberlain's convincing series of despatches addressed to Pretoria during the long and abortive negotiations had read the most Machiavelian motives into them. No matter how conclusive his reasoning or irrefutable his argument, or how single-minded and obvious his desire for a peaceful issue, the Afrikander diplomatist discerned, or pretended to discern, underlying the most innocent phrases a relentless course of intimidatory utterance.

I have written "pretended to discern" advisedly, for this pretence, shouted from the housetops, was part of the Pretorian plan. The deductions and conclusions of those despatches could not be met in fair encounter; they were patent to the man in the street. The case for the Outlander,

the Pretorian sins of omission and commission, were too logically paraded to admit of serious disputation. The only thing to do, having no case, was "abuse the other attorney."

And abused the British attorney was by every means known to African and European ingenuity. The flood-gates were let loose both within the Transvaal and without. In so congenial a task as that of extracting the Colonial Secretary's "fangs" the help of many British Members of Parliament was invoked and gleefully accorded. Politicians and publicists, some spiteful, others merely corrupt, poured an avalanche of opprobrium from all quarters of Europe, not excluding the British Isles, on the devoted head of Pretoria's *bête noir.*

Men supposed to represent Englishmen stood up in the House of Commons and outside it, and attributed the vilest motives to the Colonial Secretary. He was accused of harshness in his dealings with Pretoria, of studied insult, of truculent bearing, of a studied determination to ride roughshod over the fine susceptibilities of our "Brother Boer." It mattered nothing that there was not a word, not a sentence in the whole series of despatches to which either of these terms

could be fairly applied. His assailants proceeded on the principle that if you threw mud enough some of it would stick.

What was behind all this calculated frenzy?

Everybody who knew anything in either Pretoria or Capetown adjudged all the Afrikander stage thunder at its true value. They likened it to the wild hoots and yells of a savage tribe, the tom-tom beating that Kaffirs delight in before entering into battle, with the object of intimidating the enemy. It was hoped that the storm artificially created would sweep Mr. Chamberlain away—probably to the shades of opposition and humiliation; possibly to the obscurity of private life. And when he went there would most likely be a more pliable, less "pushful" Colonial Minister, with whom they could converse in the dulcet tones tradition had made dear to them.

For it would never do for England to have a war in South Africa!

But Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury's Ministry, and the people of England, were made of different metal from what their enemies reckoned on. They took their courage in both hands, and resolved, no matter at what cost, to "see this thing through," and put an end, once

and for all, to Afrikander intrigues and Krugerian perversity.

Mr. Chamberlain had prevailed. He had nailed his colours to the mast, and there they fly to-day, brighter, if anything, for all the storm and stress of the last twelve months. His must have been a terribly harassing, anxious, distressing time. But the people of England stood by him, and it is not likely that they will have cause for regret. Any one less persistent, less "masterful" if you like, less imbued with the immense consequences of a weak and vacillating policy at a period when such a course would have appealed to his personal sense of ease, would have slackened the rein, and let British interests and British paramountcy in South Africa take care of themselves.

Fortunately for England and South Africa, Mr. Chamberlain played the harder and more honourable part, and, though he may be one of the best-hated men in Africa, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is also one of the best loved.

THE AFRICAN COLOSSUS

FOR WEAL OR WOE

THE most captivating personality in South African politics, and, not even excepting that of Kruger, the most forcible, is that of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The two men stand out clear from all their contemporaries, and both have set their indelible stamp on the sub-continent. But when one comes to examine closely, the difference between them is very marked.

They are, as it were, the embodiment of diametrically opposite ideas. One is the representative of a bygone age, of old-world notions; the other the living, breathing spirit of all that is progressive and civilised. The one the product of an autocratic environment, the other of democratic surroundings; the one negatively great, the other positively greater. Kruger's life has been vainly spent in trying to stem the tide

of progress; Rhodes in directing and giving it all the momentum that lay in his power. Apart from their personal qualifications, they were not evenly matched, for Fate had decreed that the forces of which in South Africa Mr. Rhodes has for years been the chief exponent should eventually triumph, as we have lately seen, though it says much for Kruger's vitality and strength that he withstood the pressure for so long.

At one time, when Mr. Rhodes apparently held the Bond in the hollow of his hand, it would seem that he had more faith in the expansion and progress of South Africa by efforts from within than in its salvation by direction from Downing Street under the Imperial ægis. Indeed, there were not a few prominent politicians in England who, at the time of the Raid, were persistent in their private opinion that the Rhodesian plan, as partly disclosed by that ill-starred venture, was to set up a purely Afrikander dominance throughout the sub-continent, with the Colossus at its head, and the British flag and connection retained merely on sufferance.

There never was the scintilla of evidence adduced for the acceptance of this view. True it was that Rhodes for a long time figured as

nominal head of the Bond, though in the light of later events it is to be believed that he never was the actual chief, but that Hofmeyr watched him too closely to permit the diversion of that organisation from its secret and original purpose. It is much more likely that Rhodes, who can see through a brick wall as far as most men, discerned the real aims and motives of the Dutch Afrikanders. The temporary alliance between the two was probably chiefly due to an arrangement that if brandy (Cape "dop") and Cape wines were left untaxed a similar immunity should be enjoyed by De Beers diamonds.

But, whatever his faults, and no great man is without them, it must be conceded, even by his enemies, that Rhodes thinks and acts a considerable way ahead of his contemporaries. And therein, combined with the doggedness of his character, lies the secret of his success. Had it not been for his prescience the vast tracts of wealthy and fertile land lying to the north of the Bechuanaland Protectorate would have been lost to the British flag, with all their immense possibilities as future homes for British settlers. English officialdom was indifferent, the English people were hazily lukewarm about

the tremendous potentialities of these wide regions.

And, as it turned out, Mr. Rhodes was only just in time to secure them. Some one else—and that some one the deep, old autocrat of Pretoria—was thinking about the same time about the same thing. But Rhodes' thoughts crystallised into action a little sooner than his rival's. It is well known, that at the time Mr. Rudd, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Maguire obtained certain concessions on behalf of Mr. Rhodes from Lobengula, Mr. Lippert was setting out on the same errand on behalf of the Pretoria clique. Indeed, there was something in the nature of a scrimmage over the acquisition of certain mining rights, but Kruger's chagrin was appeased and his cupidity satisfied by the arrangement concerning Swaziland, through which country he saw his way clear, at no very distant date, to win his way to the sea, and thus make the Transvaal independent of either British or Portuguese ports. For he had his eye on Kosi Bay.

But for once in his life he was outmanœuvred, and he never forgave Rhodes for it. As it afterwards transpired, the Colossus had not only shut him out from expansion by way of

Bechuanaland, but had also effectually barred his way north; and although the Transvaal were conceded certain rights in Swaziland, these were limited, and Great Britain's representatives were extremely careful that the Boers, in their dealings with the Swazis, should keep to the strict letter of the law, as witness their sharp pulling-up during the expedition against Bunu last year.

It was not Swaziland so much that Kruger wanted, for it is a very mountainous, almost inaccessible country, but a narrow strip of land lying farther to the east, between Swaziland and the Indian Ocean, named Tongaland, along the coast-line of which is situate the bay which it was Pretoria's ambition to acquire.

So that when one morning Kruger awoke and found that Great Britain, instigated, no doubt, by his arch-enemy Rhodes, had once more forestalled him and proclaimed a Protectorate over Tongaland, his rage knew no bounds. He had been beaten by Mr. Rhodes at every point of the game. He had bartered away possibilities on the west and the north for what were now worthless concessions in Swaziland; he, "slim Paul," had been made a perfect fool of by the apparently slow-witted "rooinek."

To this day Kruger has never forgiven the Colossus for getting the better of him, though mixed up with his hatred there is a considerable modicum of admiration for his astuteness—the quality in a man which the Boer respects above all others.

The Jameson Raid was the first big mistake Rhodes made, though in the actual descent he was more sinned against than sinning. Whether Jameson did or did not "upset the apple-cart" contrary to orders, matters little now. What is certain is that the apple-cart was upset, and that Rhodes has hardly succeeded in righting it yet. But with a man of his resource and splendid energy this can only be a matter of time. It was whispered in '96 he had certain knowledge that German assistance would be called to the aid of Pretoria should any rising take place by the Outlanders of Johannesburg, and that Jameson's force was marshalled on the Bechuanaland border "to prevent mistakes" in case Kruger resorted to such an expedient. There may be no truth in this rather startling hypothesis, but colour was given to it at the time by the close relations known then to exist between Berlin and Pretoria, the Kaiser's ambition for a colonial

empire, to say nothing of the famous telegram; while many things have since been written and said in South Africa which, if at all credible, place the supposition well within the region of probability, especially the uncontradicted statement that, shortly prior to the time of the Raid, the chief officers at the Government bank were replaced by German bankers of considerable standing, who, when the European pother subsequently arose, suddenly and quietly departed, and the striking coincidence that just about this time the Staats Artillerie were officered by Germans and there was a great influx of Teutonic soldiers of fortune.

Whatever the cause, the Jameson Raid was indefensible, and Mr. Rhodes underwent a temporary eclipse. But his great rival at Pretoria was only human, too, and later also made a mistake, this time the vital one of challenging, not a colossal man, but a colossal empire.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rhodes lost the "confidence" of the Bond, whose regard turned to intense hatred, fomented for all it was worth by Pretoria, and, moreover, splendidly backed financially. Although the last General Election at the Cape was ostensibly a contest between Bond and Pro-

gressive, it was really a desperate struggle between Rhodes and Kruger, and, for the time being, Kruger won. Now, however, it is his turn to go under, and with his decline we shall probably see Mr. Rhodes rise again. He has suffered enough, surely, for the one great mistake of his life, and stood his punishment well. Britishers out there laugh when they listen to "unctuous rectitude"—an historical phrase—concerning the enormity of Mr. Rhodes' sins. Does any one think they cared a jot for fine-drawn distinctions between right and wrong when the other side, whom Rhodes was fighting, had not the faintest conception of ethical morality? They and their opponents realised, if people at home did not, that a South African Empire was in the process of making, and that it needed very little either way to determine whether it should be a Dutch-Afrikander Empire or an integral part of the British Empire.

It was probably the knowledge of the devotion of nearly every Britisher in South Africa that cheered Mr. Rhodes during the time he has spent under the passing cloud.

The dream of his life—a Federated South Africa under the British flag—is taking day by

day concrete shape. No matter what his enemies and critics may say, he is a great living force in South Africa, and neither South Africa nor the British Empire can do without him.

He and his admirers know, if armchair politicians do not, that you can no more wrest an Empire from the purloining grasp of a subtle, tireless, relentless foe by phrase-making and pleasant platitudes than you can make a revolution by rose-water.

THE MINES BOGEY

THE threat to destroy the gold mines of the Rand was long regarded by Pretoria as one of its trump-cards, and the Boer was led to believe that the world was more concerned about the loss of four or five millions which the fulfilment of the menace would involve than any other aspect of the South African problem. Of course, to the average man, who realised the tremendous issues at stake in the struggle, this view was a ludicrous one, but the average Boer is not an average man, and he had a firm and rooted belief that the love of lucre, and that alone, was the motive which actuated mankind in general and the "rooinek" in particular.

The mines bogey was trotted out at least half a dozen times within the past eighteen months. It was first flaunted when the negotiations between the two Governments began to stick, and the effect it produced was noted and remembered

for the future. The Government, of course, repudiated the nefarious suggestion, cleverly hinting the while, however, that in certain eventualities the enraged and patriotic burgher might take the law into his own hands. A nod is as good as a wink to a Boer, and no one not completely bereft of brains placed much faith in the official assurances of Pretoria.

To the uninitiated the threat of the destruction of the mines seemed a much more terrible and disastrous thing than it really was. From the outset of war at least half the underground workings on the Rand were ruined. Permission to pump was refused all those mines which, either directly or indirectly, could be traced to the ownership of those groups of capitalists who were prominent in encouraging the Outlander agitation, and who, as a consequence, incurred the hatred of the would-be Dutch dominancy. Only those mines controlled by the German and French houses were allowed either to pump or to continue working—the others were flooded out—while the Bonanza, Robinson Deep, and Glen Deep, and others of the richest, were exploited by the Government for its own use. It will thus be seen that the threat lost half its force, while,

even if carried out, the loss would fall on other besides British shoulders.

The wealth of the Rand gold mines does not lie in their shafts or machinery, costly though these be. It has been computed that the whole of the shafts can be resunk and the whole of the machinery, both above and below, replaced for something like five millions sterling, which, compared with the computed thousand millions worth of ore, which the most vindictive Boer could not blow up, is a mere bagatelle.

The effect of the wholesale destruction of the mines, top and bottom, would, however, have meant the postponement of returning prosperity for at least six months. New and complicated machinery would have had to be ordered from Europe and America, though in this connection it may be mentioned that many mine managers, taking time by the forelock, and anticipating what they believed to be the inevitable, placed orders for a completely new mechanical outfit for the mines under their care. Deep level shafts are, of course, very costly undertakings, but when the reef is reached there is a rich reward, and, as has been said, the most militant Dutchman could not wreak his vengeance on that.

The ruling idea with the Boer was that the hated "Engeleschman," if he did conquer, should reap as little as possible the fruits of victory, and to ninety-nine Boers out of a hundred those fruits were the mines. Very few, indeed, of the enemy possessed interest in developed properties. Some had gold farms, or options, but even these were a select few, and for the most part belonged to the "family party" at Pretoria. And, as for the fear of reprisals and the burden of indemnity, what did the violent young Dutch Afrikander or the ignorant and fanatical old "takhaar" care about these? They for the most part live from hand to mouth, in remote and almost inaccessible parts of the country, and because their wants are few, any punitive taxation will probably either escape them altogether or pass them over lightly.

The confiscations and absorptions of the Transvaal Government were planned and carried out by Mr. Munnik, the Assistant-State Mining Engineer. Munnik is a fair specimen of the cultivated Afrikander. He completed his education in London, and has that superficial knowledge of ways and things English which, more than is adequately realised, led to the outbreak of hos-

tilities, and was the fatal weakness in the schemes of Mr. Reitz and Mr. Smuts.

It is this Mr. Munnik who in March at Johannesburg admitted, during cross-examination, that, under instructions from Mr. Smuts, the State Attorney, he had bored holes for dynamite cartridges in no less than twenty-seven mines of the Witwatersrand. The value of the admission is remarkable, as, besides showing the real intention of Pretoria, it throws a lurid light on Boer methods, for it was only a few days previously that Mr. Reitz, the State Secretary, solemnly assured a deputation of European Consuls that the reports of the intended destruction of the mines were utterly unfounded, and that the Government had not, as rumoured, taken any steps whatever with that object in view.

This incident, which cannot be too carefully kept in view by Boer sympathisers and apologists, whether in this country or on the Continent, forms an instructive commentary on the morals and veracity of Boer statesmen and the amount of credence to be attached to their most sacred protestations. The detractors of Sir Conyngham Greene, who with such dignity bore the perversions and asseverations of Mr. Smuts concerning

the alleged verbal proposal for the abandonment of British suzerainty, or of Sir Alfred Milner respecting the Molteno interview, might, with this incident to guide them, revise their estimate of the relative truthfulness of British and Boer diplomatists.

When war broke out Munnik wrote a legacy of hate to each of his young children, as yet unable to read, so that, in the event of his death, they should perpetuate his anti-British rancour.

CERTAIN BRITISH REVERSES

I WAS somewhat surprised, on reaching England in June, to find that the true facts concerning the battle of Magersfontein in a greater degree, and the battles of Colenso and Spion Kop in a lesser, were still partially shrouded in mystery. With the object of this concealment I have nothing to do. The War Office, if responsible, probably has good reason for its action, and, in any case, may safely be left to abler and more competent critics.

But it may not be out of place here to relate the sum of the impressions existing at the time in the Boer lines respecting the engagements named, and the judgment passed on them by men who, though in the enemy's ranks, were well qualified to give an opinion.

MAGERSFONTEIN

Koos Jooste, a famed shot and well-known sporting man on the Rand, acted as Field Cornet under Cronje, and was in the foremost Boer trenches throughout the engagement, and it was from his lips that I heard the following account of the fight. He is not a man given to exaggeration, and neither then nor after did there appear any reason to doubt the accuracy of his story. Cronje had all along, it appears, determined to challenge the advance of the Kimberley Relief Column at this point, and eventually succeeded in drawing the British into ambush. For days his burghers had been engaged in digging trenches and erecting schanzes at the *foot* of the kopjes which formed the defile through which Lord Methuen unluckily tried to force his way. The importance and dexterity of this plan will be recognised when it is remembered that at the previous fights —Graspan, Belmont, and Modder River—the Boers, when they made any stand at all, did so in entrenched positions at the summit, or thereabouts, of the ridges and hills from which they were finally driven by the artillery practice of

the British. Profiting from the lesson, Cronje disposed his forces at the bottom of the Magersfontein declivities, and all through the artillery fire of the day previous to the battle there they remained, silent and invisible, never answering a shot. At the other end of the defile, about two miles distant, the way to Kimberley was blocked by another range of kopjes. On these hills Cronje placed all his heavy artillery, and about 500 men armed with Martini-Henry and other black-powder rifles. These had orders to blaze back at the British artillery fire, no matter how impracticable the range. The Boer general's idea was to persuade the Relief Column that at this distant point he intended to dispute their passage, and the absolute silence and apparent desertion of the flanking kopjes between which Lord Methuen must first advance gave colour to the suggestion. At any rate, the British advance early the next morning, before daylight, was commenced in the belief that what afterwards proved to be a defile of death was absolutely denuded of the enemy, and that the point of resistance was the far end, which the previous day had been a dense mass of smoke from the discharge of the Boer black powder. Jooste assured

me that neither then, nor at any time previously, had the flanking defile been scouted. Had that been done the presence there of the Boer force proper must inevitably have been discovered. This omission was the cause of the disaster that followed. To Cronje himself the Boers accord the credit of discovering the British advance at the first streak of dawn. I have also heard it suggested that the leading column accidentally sprang a signal in the semi-darkness, and consequently gave the alarm. But, whatever the cause, the Boers were immediately on the alert. In accordance with preconcerted arrangements the flanking burghers withheld their fire until the Highlanders were well within the death-trap. Then, as if by magic, the trenches and the kopjes belched forth the most terrible fusillade. The soldiers, totally ignorant of the imminence of the enemy, had been marching along in close column, with the intention of deploying when within range of the hills where it was erroneously thought the Boers really were. Men fell thick and fast, but after the first terrible moment of confusion the Highlanders faced round and charged the hidden foe. Jooste says he never saw such bravery, nor did he think it possible,

Charge after charge was made, but all to no purpose. Some of the brave fellows got as near as thirty yards to the trenches, but the storm of shot was too deadly. Almost every burgher was a practised shot, and to reach the trenches and the schanzes was more than mortal man could do. At last the remnant of the regiments broke and fled, and the Boers were masters of the field. That is a plain, unvarnished story of the battle of Magersfontein, and I believe it to be true. Jooste's account was borne out in the main by prisoners taken to Pretoria.

COLENSO

My authority for the subsequent sketch of what happened at Colenso is Louis Botha himself, and every one who knows anything of the Boer Commandant-General will hesitate ere they impugn his veracity, no matter how obnoxious he may be regarded in the light of chief of the Boer army. It was Botha's strategy at Colenso and subsequent dash at Spion Kop which ensured him the succession to General Joubert's command. Hitherto, Lukas Meyer and Schalk Berger were

foremost in the running, but in these two engagements Botha rose so highly in the favour of the commandos (who are supreme) that he quickly wielded more influence than any one man in the Transvaal, not perhaps even excepting Kruger himself. And this is his story.

He was aware of the signs of preparation in the British camps at Chieveley and Frere, and was prepared for the attack in force when it came. On the morning of the battle and the day previously the British artillery had poured an incessant shower of shells on to the Boer position at Colenso, north of the Tugela — frowning heights seemingly impassable — and also on to two or three small kopjes on the south of the river and commanding the approaches to the railway and waggon bridges. These kopjes were at first unoccupied, but during the night preceding the main attack Botha despatched about 300 men across the river, with orders to seize the kopjes and there conceal themselves. They were not to fire a shot or otherwise reveal their presence, no matter how galling the artillery fire, nor how great the temptation to return it. Consequently, when dawn broke and the British guns once more played on these kopjes, encircling

them in one deafening roar of bursting shells, the hidden 300 lay low, and never betrayed their position by the faintest sign. The kopjes had been scouted the previous day (a fact duly noted by Botha), and perhaps the assumption on the following morning that they were still deserted was almost an excusable one, and certainly in no way comparable to the similar mistake committed about the same time at Magersfontein.

What happened afterwards is a matter of history. Colonel Long, in command of a battery of artillery, after shelling the farther heights from a distance, moved his guns nearer the bridges, and within easy rifle range of the neglected kopjes. General Buller throws the responsibility for the movement on the Colonel's shoulders. At any rate, the taking up of this position was the chief cause of the slaughter that ensued. The concealed commando waited until the battery had unlimbered, and then, in the space of a couple of minutes, they shot down almost every horse and every man. It was the subsequent attempt of the infantry to recover the guns that led to the fearful loss. Botha says that it was impossible for anything to live within that terrible zone of leaden hail. Bullets converged on the ill-fated

battery from three sides—a most awful cross-fire. Eventually the forlorn hope was abandoned, and the British retired. Divested of technical military details the foregoing are the main facts connected with Buller's first repulse at the Tugela; that is, they are the Boer general's version, and certainly bear the impress of probability. Botha came back from the fight with but a slight opinion of British generalship. The succeeding months, however, most likely induced a revision of that conclusion. His experience of Lord Roberts' methods has not been at all so satisfactory a recollection as that of British "strategy" along the Tugela.

SPION KOP

The most remarkable feature of the Spion Kop disaster was the circumstance that the movement is said to have been initiated and carried out by Sir Charles Warren, who was reported to possess in a peculiar degree knowledge of Boer tactics and of the country in which he was manœuvring. As to General Buller's primary responsibility, this article has nothing to do.

In the first place, the mountain possesses little value as a strategical point—at least that is the verdict passed by many men competent to judge, including military attachés of foreign Powers with the Boers. The hill is practically isolated, very steep on three sides. It is flat-topped, and the side facing north is the most accessible to the climber. The assault was gallantly carried out. The Boers at the top were surprised and driven out of their trenches, which faced south, and those who escaped ran helter skelter down the north side. The troops occupied the vacated trenches, which, it must be remembered, ran at right angles to the other Boer positions on the west and east.

The feeling of the troops, however, once they reached the plateau, must have borne a close relationship to that of the famous Duke of York's, "who with 10,000 men marched up a very high hill and marched down again." Had it been possible to bring up artillery, or food, or water—(there was no water on the top)—the troops might have held out; and had the Boers not held commanding positions on either side. Assistance was cut off, for the slopes to the river, up which it must come, were dominated, now that the

alarm had spread, by big gun, maxim, "pom-pom," and rifle fire. When the enemy realised the untenable position of the British they at once opened up a terrible blast of lead. The trenches were worse than useless—they faced the wrong way—and for hours they were enfiladed by a murderous shooting. The troops tried to build schanzes, but the work was hardly possible under such a fire. Meanwhile, some commandos began to creep up the north side, and succeeded in gaining point after point, the opposing soldiers being terribly handicapped by the concealed cross-fire from the heights on their flank.

It was madness to stay on the hill: it was death to retreat whilst daylight reigned. General Woodgate fell, and the command devolved on Colonel Thorneycroft. That officer did the only thing possible. When darkness came he ordered a retreat, and took the remnant of his men back to safety. It was a brave but mistaken business from beginning to end.

STORMBERG

The Stormberg prisoners, on arrival at Pretoria and on the way thither, ascribed the disaster

to incompetent or treacherous guides, who, by taking a circuitous route, defeated General Gatacre's intention of getting to the crest of the hill, on the other side of which the Boer laagers lay, before sunrise. As it turned out, however, he arrived half an hour too late. The Boer pickets had discovered his advance, and the commanding heights, the British objective, were immediately seized by the enemy. This move placed the advanced Shropshires and Northumberlands, toiling along in the depths below, at a complete disadvantage. Wherever they turned they were repulsed by superior numbers and impregnable positions. There was nothing for it but surrender.

Thus does it happen that a General's reputation hangs sometimes on the slightest shred. Another half hour of darkness and Gatacre might have brought off a great *coup*.

THE SNUBBED COLONIAL

THE most remarkable feature of the first four months of the war was the inability of the British officer to adapt himself to the essential conditions of South African fighting. As is generally admitted, nearly every one of the initial disasters that befell her Majesty's forces was due to ignorance of the methods of the enemy, or to rash bravery that can be called by no other name than "foolhardiness." Not once, but time and time again, British commanders of all ranks fell into the same kind of trap, but the mistakes were so strikingly similar that they must be attributed more to the traditional training of the officers than to criminal errors of judgment on the part of those immediately responsible.

It is now conceded that the instructions and regulations, the hard-and-fast rules of this red book and the other red book, were to a great extent inapplicable to a campaign against such a

foe as the Boer, though it has only been in the later stages of the struggle that the evils of the system were sufficiently recognised.

It is, of course, a difficult thing to conjecture what would have happened had it been possible at the outset of the fighting to have placed colonials instead of regular officers at the head of some of the commands. Army discipline and divisional cohesion would probably not have borne the strain. But it is not so hard to imagine what would not have happened. We should, in all human probability, have been spared many disasters, for it has been proved over and over again during the last eight months that several of the reverses owed their origin to Regular ideas and methods which the colonial, knowing the Boer as he does, looks upon with suspicion and distrust. By which is not meant that the Irregular is infallible, or that he is not liable to err in moments of supreme crisis, but that he is a different sort of warrior altogether from his brother-in-arms from over the sea, taught in a different school, with the inestimable advantages of knowledge of the country in which he is campaigning and of the countless tricks and devices of the enemy.

He has, for the most part, fought side by side with the Boer in many a Kaffir war. He is a better Boer, so to speak, than the Boer himself, as good a shot, and as good a horseman, with a thorough appreciation of how far a Boer will go and when he will stop, and a confident belief in his own superiority, man for man, no matter under what circumstances he may come across him. He may be likened to an artful old fox who, before seizing his prey, makes pretty sure that there is no trap in the vicinity. He pokes and sniffs around, and the Dutchman who can catch him asleep has to get up very early in the morning. The men of the Imperial Light Horse (the finest body of light horse in the world—that is, for South African fighting)—of the Natal Carbineers, of Bethuen's Mounted Infantry, of the Kimberley Light Horse, and of the corps of sharpshooters shut up in Mafeking with Baden-Powell, are the class of fighters indicated. Acclimatised to fever and sun, hard as nails, inured to long stretches of hunger and thirst (particularly the latter), they are models of what an irregular force should be.

It can, therefore, well be conceived what these men thought and felt when all their suggestions

and plans were pooh-poohed by the powers that be, when preventable mishaps, one after another, placed them and their regular comrades in the hands of the enemy or in jeopardy of their lives, or when the first essentials of veldt fighting were neglected or decried. No wonder that they lost heart, began to despair, and almost broke into mutiny.

It got to such a pass that to make a suggestion to a regular officer was to invite a snub. Jealousy threatened to grow into mutual dislike, and things would have come to a sorry pass had not the power of home opinion hastened to the rescue, and Lord Roberts, quickly recognising the sore points, exerted his signal influence to correct the mischief.

The ignoring of the Colonial had played into the hands of the Boer with a vengeance, for though no one more than he admired the dauntless bravery of the British officer and the men who followed his lead, it was admiration largely mixed with contempt for the reckless waste of life and limb.

No one ever has been, or ever will be, able to question the courage of the British soldier, but there is courage—and courage. The paramount

idea of the Boer is to pick off his enemy without being picked off himself. He implicitly believes in the saying that it is better to "fight and run away, and live to fight another day," than unnecessarily to expose himself as a target to the enemy. Not so with many British officers, who for their mistaken notions of bravery have paid forfeit with their lives—and not their lives only, but the lives of many of their men.

Of course there are occasions when persistence in a frontal attack is incumbent on a general, but, on the other hand, there are times when it is not. In these days of magazine quick-firing rifles, in the hands of expert shots, dash after dash at an impregnable position, strongly held, is little short of suicide. So far back as 1870 a German general was recalled from the front for what was held to be the needless sacrifice of thousands of lives in the assault on Gravelotte, and though the supercession or recall of a British commander, with a long record of splendid deeds to his name, is a painful expedient, it is better that one man should suffer rather than a repetition of some great disaster should be courted, or that the men under his command should lose

confidence in their leader, and openly debate the ability of their generals.

For it is well known in South Africa that on more than one occasion—particularly after Magersfontein—serious rumours were current as to the temper of Tommy Atkins. He is brave to a fault, but after struggling madly in an untenable position it is only human that he should ask the why and the wherefore of an apparently useless expenditure of blood, and draw his conclusions accordingly.

The writer seized the opportunity of seeing the arrival of many batches of British prisoners in the Transvaal, and it was nearly always the same story — "Trapped," "Outwitted," "Ambushed." The Colonial prisoners were usually the most vexed: "If he had done so-and-so," "If he hadn't been so cocksure," "If he had given us credit for knowing more than he, just for once, of Boer tactics." These and similar remarks were the burden of their lay.

The Colonial had an especial right to complain. He ran the most risk, it was his country that was being overrun, his property that was devastated, his home that felt the more immediate tragedy of the campaign, his punishment on capture the

most severe and the hardest to bear. Was it strange, then, that his resentment was the fiercest at the continual display of incompetence or foolhardiness?

Ask any Colonial who has had experience of the average British army officer his opinion of the cause of his comparative failure. He will tap his forehead significantly. Of course, this is not true in the sense that the average British officer is devoid of brain-power. What the Colonial means is that he does not apply his brains in the proper direction, that his power of adaptation, the sense of sudden initiative, the quickness of perception of swiftly and ever-changing conditions, have all been emasculated by the stereotyped cramming of the army educational courses, the wasted devotion of years to a system as different as are chalk and cheese to the kaleidoscopic conditions of warfare in South Africa.

On the other hand, there is much to be said for the unfortunate victims of the implacable red-tapeism of the War Office. As Mr. Balfour said at Manchester, the constantly changing climes, the enormous versatility of Britain's campaigns from one end of the world to the other, render it a task of almost insuperable difficulty to be simul-

taneously prepared for action at a moment's notice with the facility which Germany, for instance, with a much restricted field of possible operations, would display in the event of war with France or Russia.

As a case in point, was a khaki revolution, with its numberless minor accessories, an essential probability with the German War Office? Also, it may be pointed out, it was England's misfortune to first experience the terrible accuracy and death-dealing properties of the magazine-rifle in actual warfare; and other nations, though they may adopt an attitude of superior criticism, are really secretly grateful that it was left to some one else to find out for them the effects of new and appalling military agencies, and they will profit at England's expense.

Had any other European Power been faced by England's problem in South Africa, they would have made certain discoveries at a far more startling cost. It is eminently easy to be wise after the event.

This digression, however, does not acquit many British officers of having failed when failure—by the exercise of ordinary common sense and a modification of the haughty "mind your own

business" attitude—might, and would in most cases, have been avoided.

If the circumstances were not so tragic, some of the stories told of the foolhardiness of certain British officers would be almost comic.

One young subaltern, despite the warnings of his colonial comrades, carelessly led a patrol into a boulder-strewn, spruit-channelled stretch of country, apparently deserted. Neither he nor his men knew where to look for the enemy. They were not visible: therefore, they were not there! Putting his glasses up to his eyes, and scanning the horizon, he called out, "I don't see any Boers!" The words were hardly out of his mouth ere he was interrupted by strange laughter, and there sprang into being, as if by magic, a score or more Boers, with levelled rifles, and the familiar cry of "Hands up!" The officer probably realised then that there are more things in South African warfare than were dreamt of in his philosophy, and he and his unlucky troop suffered an armed escort to Pretoria.

Another very sad case was that of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who, revolver in hand, was shot dead by young Reitz (son of the late State Secretary) whilst far in advance of his men. Youths of from

sixteen to eighteen have been known to lie for hours concealed in the neighbourhood of a road or of water, and, when opportunity served, take pot-shots at unsuspecting stragglers or scouts. Should, however, the force be a large one, they remain hidden, for the Boer doesn't wage warfare on the principle of "A life for a life." His sole endeavour is to get in his shot and then get out of the way.

Another case was that of an officer who, in order to evade a strong Boer position, essayed to cross a stretch of veldt fifty or sixty miles in extent. His move was detected by the enemy, who, however, did nothing but hang on the skirts of the force. As it turned out, there was absolutely no water in this region, and so it happened that, when men and horses were parched with thirst and almost dead with fatigue, they fell an easy prey to the Boers, who, knowing the country, took the necessary precautions. A colonial first makes sure of his water supply.

Another favourite habit of an officer was that of lifting his glasses to his eyes when within range in the endeavour to discover the whereabouts of the enemy. Now the Boer, who is probably within 1000 yards, knows it is usually

an officer who carries field-glasses, and as he frequently carries glasses himself, he nearly always sees the officer before the officer sees him, for he is concealed. The Boers try to pick off officers first, and although the latter carry no distinguishing dress or badge, they are usually easily spotted by some such exhibition as the foregoing, or by their recklessness in riding far in front of their men. They often pay for their misplaced bravery with their lives.

Lieutenant-General Woodgate was mortally wounded on Spion Kop whilst in the act of putting his glasses to his eyes in the open. The Boers saw in a moment that he was a man of note, and immediately he became the target of several Mausers. Is not this sort of thing equivalent to inviting death?

General Penn-Symons was singled out by the Boers at Talana Hill simply because he was accompanied by a lancer carrying signalling flags. The marksmen knew that here was an officer directing operations, and he suffered accordingly.

The list could be added to indefinitely.

PENT UP IN PRETORIA

On the whole, the British soldier was agreeably surprised at his reception by the Boers after capture. A story was told me by a burgher concerning the conduct of a certain officer who, on being captured in the earlier stages of the campaign, and being in doubt as to the composition of the Boer (for rumours of his cruelty and savagery were the theme of almost every mess), asked his guard, in anxious tones, what he thought they would do with him; would they shoot him? He displayed symptoms of surprise and relief when assured that he would be much safer and much more comfortable as a prisoner than charging kopjes and braving veldt hardships. The writer saw and conversed with many batches of prisoners as they were being conveyed from the front to Pretoria, and also on their arrival at the capital, and the friendly good-humoured terms existing between the armed burghers and

their convoys struck him immediately. Tommy laughed and chaffed with his guards, who were specially selected because of their ability to speak English, and as they looked out of the railway carriages, or stood about in groups on the platforms chatting and smoking, they might easily have been mistaken for a military picnic party.

The guards were, so far as the writer could see, kind in their little attentions. They frequently "found" Tommy in pipes and tobacco and cigarettes, and in some cases actually in money, and no impediments were placed in the way of any stranger offering similar kindnesses. Now and again some ungenerous foe would pass a slighting remark in the hearing of the prisoners, but such manifestations were of rare occurrence, and quickly suppressed by the fighting burghers near.

All through the campaign the average Boer took pains to lay stress on the fact that his foe was not Tommy Atkins so much as the influences which Tommy Atkins was supposed to represent. By some parity of reasoning he made a clear distinction between Tommy Atkins and the political force of which he was regarded as the irresponsible instrument.

The detraining of prisoners at Pretoria was a most interesting sight. The public were admitted to the station precincts, and the whole proceedings were always of an orderly character. There was no hooting or hissing, no unmannerly observations, no "rubbing-of-it-in." Tommy would get out of the carriages, stretch his legs, cast a glance around, shrug his shoulders and light his pipe, and, after having been formed by his own sergeants or corporals into small detachments, pursue his jaunty, apparently unconcerned way to the quarters allotted him. On one occasion the whole crowd of Boers, Hollanders, and foreigners doffed their hats in respectful sympathy, and to say that Tommy Atkins was surprised thereat is but imperfectly to express his astonishment.

Life on the racecourse was not an altogether miserable experience. The prisoners played cricket and football, quoits, and other field sports, and, truth to tell, seemed to while away the dull hours fairly well.

The officers appeared to feel their position much more keenly. Many of them, no doubt, were oppressed by a sense of their failure, and by the fate that had decreed their removal from the field of active operations. Others suffered in an

unusual degree the sense of personal indignity at finding themselves prisoners in the hands of the despised Boers. Their feelings can easily be appreciated and their ill-luck deplored. But, so far as creature comforts went, they had little to complain of. They were allowed to receive luxuries from outside, and some enabled to open accounts at the Pretoria banks. They had passable if not luxurious quarters at the Model School, where any curious observer might without hindrance see them walking round the building within the iron rails in twos and threes, or sitting smoking, reading, or contemplating visions of the "might-have-been." Of course, they chafed under their confinement—who would not ?—and the enforced inaction must have been terribly depressing to men of an active temperament, but—it was the fortune of war.

Later, when their numbers grew, and escapes were frequent, they were removed to a new building on Sunnyside, surrounded by barbed wire, and lit up all around through the night by electricity. It may be that in their new quarters their former considerate treatment underwent a change, and that the sanitary and commissariat arrangements proved defective, but that they did

not suffer to a very great extent is pretty conclusive from Lord Roberts' despatch.

But the long spell of idleness, the severance from friends and news, anxiety as to both past and future, must have rendered their captivity decidedly distasteful, and called for all the philosophical resignation of which they were capable.

The Colonial was the worst treated of the lot, and the Johannesburg Outlander who had taken up arms especially received rough handling. The Boers had it assiduously drilled into them that, but for the Johannesburgers, there would have been no South African trouble, and, as a consequence, they regarded the Rand Reformer as the head and front of the British offending, and were also bitter against the Natal and Cape loyalists, who, they urged, should have thrown in their fortunes with the Afrikanders and ousted British supremacy in South Africa once and for all. "We can understand Tommy Atkins fighting," they used to say; "he's paid to do it, and can't help himself. But that you fellows, of your own free will, should come out against us, is treason to the Afrikander movement." The captured Imperial Light Horse and Natal Cara-

bineers, and similar irregulars, came in, therefore, for a warm time of it. They were not permitted the comparative freedom of the regulars on the racecourse, and later at Waterval, but were immured in the common gaol, along with criminals and malefactors of all descriptions. I believe their treatment reflects considerable discredit on the Pretoria War Office authorities, who permitted considerations of petty spite to override the dictates of common humanity.

It is almost conclusive, also, that on their removal to Waterval the treatment of Tommy Atkins underwent a change, and that not for the better. Visitors, other than officials and trusted burghers, were not allowed to pass the network of barbed wire surrounding the camp, but reports filtered through that fever was rife there, medical attendance bad, the food anything but sufficient or of an appetising character, and, in short, that the last state of the prisoners was very much worse than the first.

Frequent representations were made, particularly by Mr. Hay, the United States Consul (whose efforts, and those of Mr. Leigh Wood, on behalf of the prisoners cannot be too highly commended), and ministers of religion;

and Kruger even went so far as to make periodical visits to the camp himself. But the task of feeding and caring for 5000 men, under conditions of captivity, strained the resources and the competence of a careless service, and there is only too good reason to believe that the story of the incarceration at Waterval is a distressing one, and not calculated to enhance Boer officialdom in the eyes of the world. The expulsion of Father de Lacy, a noble and self-sacrificing Roman Catholic priest, for his pertinacity in the cause of the prisoners, was in itself an indication that all was not as it should be.

THE ART OF SUPPRESSION

THE addition of a military censor to the editorial staff has been one of the most interesting features of journalism in the Transvaal during the past twelve months. Knowledge of newspaper, or even of literary work, was not a necessary attribute of the office. The first essential was the emasculation or total elimination of anything that might be construed into revelation or depreciation of Boer movements, and in pursuit of this end some strange effects and singular situations were created.

Telegraphic messages for the Johannesburg journals were first of all censored at the office of origin, then more rigorously at the head office at Pretoria, and then by the final arbiter within the editorial sanctum itself. It can thus well be believed that not much was seen by the burghers calculated to inform or depress.

The slightest allusion to Boer movements,

descriptions of methods of attack or defence, the faintest hint of reverse or retreat, were religiously excised, and only grudgingly admitted when events made further concealment ridiculous. The motive for this was that it "would not do to discourage the brave burghers," for it must be borne in mind that the various commandos were sometimes hundreds of miles apart, and learnt little of each other's movements except through the medium of the Press. So it often happened that for weeks one part of the burgher forces was in total ignorance of the doings or defeats of another.

The news of Cronje's disaster, though known to Pretoria on the evening of Amajuba Day (Tuesday), was officially and strenuously denied by the War Office on the Wednesday and Thursday, and it was only on the Friday, when the stragglers came in with their tale of woe, that the authorities abandoned the attempt at further concealment and made reluctant admission of the truth. Meanwhile several Outlanders, in possession of the real facts simultaneously with the Government, were "carpeted" for disclosing the truth, and narrowly escaped imprisonment under the new besluit which enjoined a severe penalty

on all who circulated tidings "adverse to the State." Even the staff of the *Volkstem*, the Government organ in Pretoria, came under the ban. Mr. Wallach, the manager of the journal, suffered three days' imprisonment for prematurely disclosing the unwelcome tidings. The Censor must have been caught napping for once.

It was the same with the news of the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith. When Buller accomplished the terrible task of crossing the Tugela and breaking through the cordon of Pieter's Height, after a hard and bloody struggle, the Boers flying helter-skelter and never staying their retreat until well north of the Sunday River, the rout was officially minimised to an orderly retirement for strategical reasons, due to the altered state of affairs brought about by Cronje's capture. For it went hard against the enemy to admit that the "impassable, impregnable" defences of the Tugela had been pierced and shattered by sheer British pluck and dogged persistence.

The art of "bolstering up the Boer" was the sole end and aim of the Transvaal newspapers when the fortunes of war began to go against them, and many and curious were the devices resorted to.

The magnifying of the British losses, serious though they were in reality, was a chief and never-failing expedient. An instance will suffice. The *Cape Times*, as an indication of what was being done in this direction, took the trouble of collating from Boer newspaper sources their estimate of the British losses up to the end of January, from which it appeared that from all causes we had suffered to the extent of 67,000 men! This is pretty "steep," it must be admitted, but nothing compared to what was to follow. On the receipt of this copy of the *Cape Times* in Johannesburg, a journalistic genius calmly translated the Capetown exposure into Dutch, and printed it as an authentic and official version of the extent of the British casualties! Of course every Boer believed this, and was highly elated, and to round off the mendacity copies of the extraordinary compilation were printed and distributed among the burghers and farms of the Free State, then in the first throes of fear as to the wisdom of its ill-fated alliance with the Transvaal. The effect was electrical; that, Lord Salisbury's uncompromising (though absolutely necessary) intimation of the fate of the Republics, and the amusing accounts of the

Russian invasion of India, sedulously disseminated by the Boer Press, being mainly responsible for the unexpected Boer rally after the fall of Bloemfontein.

An incident that came under the observation of the writer whilst at Heilbron in March will give some sort of idea of the intense gullibility of the Boer. He implicitly believed that which he wished to believe, and consequently the newspapers had little difficulty in catering for his credulity. Some of the things he took in were quite staggering. A remnant of the Free Staters who had been round Ladysmith, and were trekking from Van Reenen's Pass to their homes, was immensely encouraged by the circumstantial accounts, repeated and discussed with all gravity, that the Queen (for whom undoubtedly the average Boer has a sneaking regard) had informed Lord Roberts that unless he "could finish the job" within another month he and the whole of the troops would be recalled, so tired was her Majesty and the nation of the Boer resistance. Therefore, urged the simple-minded burghers, only one more month's determined fighting and the Cause was won! This taradiddle was evidently an echo of President

Kruger's frantic appeal at Glencoe to the retreating burghers from Ladysmith, only he was careful not to give reasons for his explicit promise that "one more month" would see the cessation of hostilities. He probably overrated the power of the "Stop-the-war" Party in Great Britain.

It was in this way—many more illustrations could be adduced—that the fighting burgher was cajoled, not only by the Censor, but by the highest officials of the State.

On the other hand, the *suppressio veri* played as large a part in the policy of the Censor as the *suggestio falsi*. To the great majority of burghers that stereotyped absurdity of "one killed and three wounded" was Gospel truth. The fields of battle were so extended, and the commandos so widely removed, that only those in the immediate vicinity could give the lie to the official returns, and even that was always dangerous. In most cases, the first intimation the widow or mother got of her bereavement was a private message from the commandant or from the Government itself. Consequently, only her own immediate circle was cognisant of the casualty. The authorities excused themselves on the ground

that, even though the action might be open to question, the "Engelesche" were quite as bad, for we were held to hide our losses to an even greater extent. Those who realised the care and completeness with which British official casualty lists are compiled, knew better, of course, but that did not count for much in the Transvaal.

Once the usual addendum to an engagement read as follows, and caused no little amusement to those behind the scenes: "Boer loss: One killed, one slightly killed"—a perfect stroke of genius on the part of the "comps." and the "reader" combined.

Despatches that came through from Commandant and General to the Government to the effect that the Boer loss was "considerable—about 15 killed and 57 wounded"—underwent an extraordinary mathematical conversion in the War Office before being issued to the public. Double figures were quite an abomination there, and the message would finally read: "Trifling; 1 killed and 5 wounded." The ways of the Censor were not past finding out, but they were very wonderful.

Sometimes, however, the Censor nodded, and the truth came out by accident, though he habitually

knocked out so much from the proofs that it was a wonder a paper could be produced at all. At best it was a most disjointed affair, with the middle out of this telegram, the end out of that, and the most marvellous substitutions for some unpalatable articles.

Despite all his efforts, however, he occasionally failed to please his masters in high places, and more than once a whole edition was placed under condemnation and rigidly prevented from getting over the border, all because of some inconvenient admission.

THIEVES IN POLICE CLOTHING

WITH the advent of British rule in the Transvaal a clean sweep will be made of the pestiferous host of "detectives," agents-provocateur and secret service men, long the bane of the Republic, and during the war a source of continual terror to the Outlanders who remained in the country. The spy system of the Transvaal was surely the worst in the world. Its extensive ramifications were due, undoubtedly, to the fact that the constituent elements of the Government were corrupt.

Suspicion lurked everywhere. The channels of legislation and administration were frequently polluted at the fountain-head. In the Executive itself, where each member had his own little schemes to push through, and his colleagues' to thwart, distrust reigned supreme. The Raads were hotbeds of bribery and corruption, where weight of money decided the fate of many measures. The administrative departments, the

police, the detectives, and the secret service were for the most part regarded as money-making instruments, and as the heads were conspicuous for their "get-at-ableness," their inferiors were not slow to follow suit.

The Illicit Gold and Liquor Laws were mines of wealth to the gentry appointed to see that they were properly observed. Men did not become detectives with the paramount idea of detecting crime. They assumed office, generally speaking, with the fixed resolve to "get a bit," and law and order and morality, or anything else, could go hang for all they cared, so long as they lined their purses. This sort of thing involved constant spying on one another. The Outs (for a detective's reign was usually short-lived in the Transvaal) were constantly on the look-out for the shortcomings of the Ins, and trapping and counter-trapping, decoying and counter-decoying among themselves was the order of the day.

The mines despaired of putting a stop to the illicit gold buying and selling going on almost openly, whilst the impunity with which illicit liquor-dens flourished under the very noses of the authorities was a scandal—or rather, would have been in any other country. Illicit liquor

kings waxed fat, and "the force," which fared sumptuously, was so contemptuous of public opinion and authority that it took no pains to conceal the intimate, almost affectionate relations which existed between it and the "Liquor Syndicates."

Schutte was head of the police, and Tchard Kruger, the President's son, chief of the secret service. Between them they handled hundreds and hundreds of pounds.

When one of the gang went a little too far and committed the grievous sin of being found out, there was an easy and effectual way of restoration to favour. All he had to do was to "discover" some fictitious plot against the State, or some desperate scheme against the person or liberty of a member of the Government. He found no difficulty about getting affidavits. Affidavits on any mortal thing were to be had for a consideration, and the implication of anybody or everybody a very easy matter. Such striking service to the State covered a multitude of sins, and the culprit was forgiven and told to sin no more—or rather, to walk more circumspectly in future, which is not exactly the same thing.

The "cock-and-bull" stories which the secret

service people used to invent as the *raison d'être* of their existence would almost pass belief. No yarn was too stupendous or impossible.

Sometimes their concoction became necessary for "high reasons of State." It will be remembered that, before the War Party had completely got the upper hand in the Raad, it became necessary to bring pressure to bear on the timid or peacefully disposed Raadsleden who refused to give Kruger's insensate hatred of Great Britain an absolutely free rein. How to convince them of British perfidy and the imminent danger of the Republic? Nothing easier. The secret service gentry and the detectives were interrupted in their more profitable occupations, and produced, by order, and in a very few days, the complete details of a dastardly plot to blow up the Johannesburg fort.

The way it was done was delightfully simple. Two or three agents-provocateur were set to work —they were mostly down-at-heel and ne'er-do-well drifters, to whom the job, if not congenial, meant money and comfort for a few days at least —and their subsequent affidavits were marvels of ingenuity and mendacity. Of course there was nothing in the affair when it came to be properly

and judicially inquired into, but the object of the real plotters had been attained, and the burghers were seething with unrest at this latest menace to their cherished independence.

Means such as these were resorted to by Mr. Smuts, Schutte, young Kruger, and lesser lights, time and time again, all with the same object. Almost every man on the spot easily saw through the game, but the distant burgher was gradually being lashed into a fever of restlessness. He was convinced by the agents-provocateur, both big and little (and there were a good many big ones involved), that the hated "rooinek" was undermining the pillars of the State, and that another Jameson Raid was imminent.

Thus it was that when Kruger called out the commandos the material was ready to hand, and the smouldering fire quickly burst into flames. The trick had succeeded.

During the war many of the detectives went to the front, and though the absence of the Polish-Jew element abated the liquor evil, the traffic in illicit gold went merrily on.

It would be difficult to estimate the amount of stolen gold that changed hands during the war. The writer could have bought any amount of it

for thirty shillings an ounce. Many officials running the mines and the batteries were "on the make." They began to realise in a dim sort of way after Paardeberg, Ladysmith, and Kimberley, to say nothing of Bloemfontein, that "the game was up," and resolved to make hay while the sun shone. The rich veins of ore were picked out, the output diminished in the most astonishing fashion, and "bosses," both great and small, were more concerned in converting bar gold or amalgam into current coin "at a ruinous sacrifice" than in attending to their proper work. It was, perhaps, just as well for them that the detectives were mostly at the front. Their presence on the Rand would have meant a rather disastrous division of profits.

The espionage on British subjects, and of some other Europeans, when the war began was of the most irritating description. Men talked with bated breath at the street corners, and wherever two or three were gathered together, there, sure as fate, would soon come up one of the "fraternity," trying to pick up the subject of conversation.

No one was safe, even in his own house. You never knew who were your friends, or which of the company was in the Government pay. Indeed,

half a dozen Britishers who one night expressed themselves rather freely about his Majesty the Boer round the dinner-table of one of their number, received their marching orders across the border forty-eight hours afterwards. The spy was one of the company.

As for your club, it literally swarmed with spies. It was not safe to open your mouth at all, except, of course, you were persuaded of the spotless purity of the Boer and the unfathomable brutality of the British.

In this connection a rather amusing experience happened to the writer. In an unguarded moment he made a wager with a fellow clubman on the absolute reliability of the rumour of the capture of Cronje, then officially denied by the Government. Before well awake the next morning he was interrogated by two detectives as to the source of his information, warned as to the danger of "spreading reports adverse to the Government," and regaled with particulars of the pnnishment reserved for such offences. But for the fact that the news turned out to be quite true he might have had to suffer for his temerity.

WHICH OF TWO COURSES?

THE trouble in the Transvaal will not cease altogether when peace is signed. A task almost as difficult as that which has attended the British arms will await the officials appointed to restore law and order, and to graft on the institutions previously existing the more modern and more English notions of equality and justice. It depends very much on the spirit in which this most highly important work is approached whether the feud between the Dutch and the British be accentuated or appeased in the coming years; whether, in fact, the inhabitants, new and old, will settle down to live together in harmony, or nurse grievous antipathies which sooner or later will once more break out into a devastating conflict.

The British colonial, the British Transvaaler, embittered by the terrible loss and suffering entailed by the Boers' mad challenge of British supremacy, and exasperated by the treatment of

the Outlander, will, I have reason to believe, generally advocate that the Empire shall play the *rôle* of real conquerors; that, having obtained the upper hand after a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, the victors shall enforce to the utmost the rights of conquest, including the subjection of the defeated. And I must admit that there is much to be said for this point of view.

The bane of British policy hitherto in South Africa has been too much leniency, too much "magnanimity," as it is called. Successive British Governments shrank from resolutely grappling with problems that ought to have been tackled ere they grew to tenfold their magnitude; British Premiers feared to raise a hornet's nest about their ears if a temporary expedient would tide them over their term of office. Almost every British colonist in Africa and British Outlander in the Transvaal ascribes the alarming nature of the present trouble in the sub-continent to ill-considered concessions and Imperial vacillations at psychological moments when a courageous policy was the only sensible one. For British politicians are not judged out there by the halo that sometimes surrounds them at home; they are

weighed in the balance of common sense, and by their fruits only, and not by their professions and intentions, however laudable, are they estimated.

The ordinary British colonist, if asked his opinion as to the treatment of the Dutchman after the war, would unhesitatingly reply to the effect that there must be no more paltering, no more trafficking with the enemy; that the Boer must at last be taught, and that unfalteringly, to know his proper place in the scheme of creation, and that in South Africa, at any rate, he must now be content to play a minor part. Previous attempts at conciliation, he will point out, have miserably failed — the Boer, like the Kaffir, he insists, always has and always will mistake kindness for weakness, and if he is immediately allowed a full measure of political freedom he will most surely abuse his privileges and plot and plan and prepare for the next trial of strength. The only way, the South African Britisher will tell you, to ensure stability of British rule in the late Republics is to show the Boers conclusively, harshly if necessary, that the Britisher is the master, and that the sooner he recognises that fact, fully and completely, the better it will be for him and everybody else concerned.

There is another school, however, who do not go so far as this. These men—most of them Dutch subjects of her Majesty in Natal and the Cape Colony—enjoin very much more moderate counsels, counsels which are probably shared by thinkers of the standing of Sir William Butler, Sir Jacobus de Wet, Mr. W. P. Schreiner, Sir Henry de Villiers, and Mr. Solomon, who, whatever their political views, repudiate with considerable warmth the insinuation of disloyalty to the British Crown and Empire. Their attitude seems to be based on the belief that the best way to ensure the Dutchman's undying gratitude and love is to wipe the slate quite clean and say: "Now, we have tried our strength; you have fought well, far beyond any one's expectation; but you have been thoroughly thrashed, and you know it. Give up your dreams of Afrikander domination, accept the inevitable. Throw in your lot with the British Empire; you will be much happier and more prosperous if you do so, and we, on our part, will undertake not to exasperate your wounded feelings, your sense of defeat, by anything that may be construed into political or racial arrogance. Give us your hand, and let us be friends."

Now there are two obstacles to the success of the policy of conciliation. One is, as I have above stated, the deep-rooted objection of the majority of South African Britishers to any repetition of what they call "the olive-branch business"; the other the well-known repugnance of the Irreconcilables to abate a bit of their hatred of the "rooinek" or of their dream of eventual independence.

No one can envy the task of the statesmen who will, and that before many months, have to decide which of these courses to pursue. In my humble opinion it would be worse than folly to attempt to play fast-and-loose between the two. If you hold the olive-branch in one hand and the rod in the other, only disorder and uncertainty can result.

Perhaps the best solution would be the appointment as Governor of the Transvaal of some strong, fair-minded man, for whom both Boer and Briton would have respect—say, Sir George Goldie or Major-General Baden-Powell—and give him a free hand. Should an extremist be appointed, a man either too timid or too violent in his methods, confusion would become worse confounded. The essential qualification is that

the British governing representatives should possess a little of the guile of the serpent—some "slimness," in fact.

It must be remembered that the population of the Transvaal in October last was strikingly cosmopolitan—British, American, German, French, Italian, Russian, and Dutch—and this mixture of races will become even more marked when peace and prosperity return. The use of tact, and firmness with consideration, is of the most vital importance in the management of these diversified elements.

It is not every Briton in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony who hates a Boer, nor every Boer who hates a Briton. Very often—more often than not—you will find Boers and Britons fraternise where neither will seek the society of the French, Italian, and German, and certainly not of the Russian communities. There is something in the breed and character of the Briton and better-class Boer which ensure mutual respect, and, though the affinity may now be shrouded by the pall of death, it is certain to come to the front again.

I knew two Johannesburg young men, inseparables, one a Dutch Afrikander, the other a

Britisher. They occupied the same rooms, and, though the former was rich and the other poor, many of their tastes were in common, and a great affection existed between them. On the outbreak of war the Boer—he was a burgher—was called up on commando; whatever might have been his own private opinions, he had no choice but to fight. His chum was a staunch Britisher, and elected to leave the Transvaal and, if possible, join the Imperial Light Horse. But there was one obstacle. He had no money. The costs of the journey and equipment for the campaign were beyond his means. Will it be believed that at this juncture his Dutch friend stepped in and actually gave him the money for the prosecution of his purpose, notwithstanding that, in all likelihood, before many weeks were over they would be ranged and shooting against each other in the field of mortal combat.

This story, which I can absolutely vouch for, is but one indication of the complexity of the problems which face British statesmen in the future government of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. As I have said, the task will call for a display of unique qualities in those who are entrusted with it.

Fire-eating extremists should bear in mind that the Britisher and the Boer have to live together in South Africa after this war is over. It is always the unexpected that happens south of the Zambesi, and with the removal of a dozen cantankerous, ambitious spirits much would be accomplished towards the assimilation of the races.

DRINK AND THE NATIVE

THE treatment of the native and the regulation of the drink traffic with the black are two of the problems that await settlement by British administrators when the work of the military is accomplished, and men turn their minds to the pacification and regulation of the Transvaal.

Opinion on the native question is strongly at variance between the Britisher at home and the Colonial of South Africa. To put it shortly, many men here, who only know the nigger by hearsay, believe in treating him as a brother, while, on the other hand, the average South African, be he British, Dutch, or German, is for keeping the black man in political and social subjection. It is hard for the emancipator of the black in Europe, the advocate of the equality of the races, to appreciate fully the colonial point of view. And on the democratic assumption that all men are equal, and that the black man has a soul just

as good as the white, it is difficult to dispute theoretically that the attitude of Exeter Hall is the only logical one. But you cannot make the average Afrikander, British or Dutch, see the matter in this light. He argues, and adduces good grounds for his contention, that directly it is admitted the black man is as good as the white, South Africa will cease to be "a white man's country."

And it must not be forgotten in this connection that the whites are greatly outnumbered by the black races of the sub-continent. The disparity is as between about six to one. And there is the fear—in the minds of those well entitled to judge—of the "black danger" ever before the colonial's eyes. This fear may be exaggerated—to some extent it probably is—but at the outbreak of the recent hostilities between the British and the Boers it became a serious cause of concern among isolated farmers and traders of more than one nationality. Happily, the measures of restraint taken prevented any native outbreak on a considerable scale. But it was always a possibility. The efforts of the British Commissioner, Sir Godfrey Lagden, no doubt were responsible for keeping the Basutos quiet, though they were all ready armed, and a descent on the

conquered territory, bordering the Caledon River, would have surprised no one. The Basuto had some standing grudges against the Free State Boer, and it says much for his respect for the British that on their representations he refrained from paying off old scores when he had the opportunity. Possibly, however, he was satisfied at seeing vengeance meted out by other hands. But the black man cannot always be implicitly trusted to forget in moments of intense excitement. A Kaffir never ceases to be a Kaffir. The hostility between the black and the white is sometimes very thinly veiled. It is not so long ago that they were killing each other in many a bloody massacre, and the descendants of the white victims, both British and Dutch, are still full of slumbering bitterness at the recollections of a not remote past. I have heard many a staunch Briton, saturated with an utter detestation of the Pretoria clique, express his acquiescence in the methods of the Dutchman with the Kaffir. He asserts that the Boer is the man who knows best how to deal with the black man properly. Yet this view is in strange and startling conflict with notions in England. Here the Boer treatment of the native is regarded as harsh and unjust. It

may be both, though the stories on this head are sometimes exaggerated, but somehow or other a great many colonists cannot be brought to condemn it. He probably thinks that something must be tolerated to keep the blacks under, and long experience perhaps teaches him that physical fear is the best expedient.

It was the difference between British ideas of the treatment of the native and Dutch disinclination to elevate him in the social scale which led, almost as much as anything else, to the early trekkings northward from the British colonies. I am not defending the Dutch attitude on this matter, though there is a good deal to be said for it, but in arriving at a correct judgment of the curious political problems in South Africa it is very essential to bear it in mind, and to remember also that in this particular instance the Boer has the sympathy of many colonials.

In the Orange Free State and the South African Republic no black man was allowed to perambulate the footpath, on pain of being summarily cuffed and kicked off, and it was more than his skin was worth to retaliate. He was not permitted to eat or drink in the company of white men, and I have seen a whole dining-room of a

principal hotel in Johannesburg rise and leave the place as a protest against the inclusion of an American negro at the board. Needless to say they stayed, and the coloured gentleman went, for landlords must consult the prejudices of the overwhelming majority of their customers. And they were not all Dutchmen or back-country Boers, but European Jews and Gentiles—Outlanders—and British colonials as well.

In Capetown, where blacks are conceded a greater amount of liberty, the Kaffir and his wife and offspring are allowed to almost monopolise the pathways, and the privilege is much resented by the citizens, who consider it derogatory to be jostled and pushed by one whom they regard as an absolute inferior. The Dutchman is particularly incensed at this, to him, degrading spectacle. But the power of the "blanket" vote is great in the Cape! Many of the Boers were most likely induced to resist British arms in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal by the expectation that British methods in the Cape towards the nigger would be introduced north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers. For he absolutely despises the black, and there is no love lost between them.

Thus it is that the settlement of the Kaffir problem to the reasonable satisfaction of the old colonist, Dutch as well as British, is a matter that will call for the utmost wisdom of the law-givers and administrators of the new *régime*. The people who have to live among the black man, and believe in "keeping him under," ought to be considered as well as the experimental philanthropists who will never be in fear of their lives, and the sanctity of whose homes will never be violated by an undue exhibition of political liberality or pantheistic profession.

Another most important point, over which there is much and widespread disagreement, is the satisfactory solution of the Drink question. Under the Government of the South African Republic the sale of drink to Kaffirs was ostensibly prohibited, and severe penalties were imposed on infringers of the law. As a matter of fact, principally owing to the unscrupulous conduct of what was known as the "Peruvian" Jew, and the corruptness of the detective force, there was more Kaffir drunkenness in the prohibition State of the Transvaal than anywhere else in South Africa.

Opinion as to the preventableness of the evil

was very much divided. Many men said it was impossible to altogether prevent a Kaffir from having a drink; others that he was best without it, and that if the Government were not so corrupt and powerless the illicit traffic in vile gin and worse whisky could easily be stopped. The former held that in their native homes most of the Kaffirs were used to drinking beer, and that it was going a good way when they came down to the Rand for their three or four months' engagement at the mines, to deprive them of a "puza" altogether. Two things were certain, however. Black drunkenness existed to an alarming extent, with its consequent disturbance of law and order, and the output of the mines was seriously affected by the wholesale intoxication, sometimes for days together, followed by days of sickness, of the natives who won the reef from the bowels of the earth. The illicit liquor people charged the capitalists with advocating sternly repressive measures, and refusing to countenance a modified system of selling to Kaffirs because they contemplated themselves supplying their workmen with a limited quantity of drink within the confines of their own compounds, and thus reaping the benefit of the trade. I am inclined, however, to

think that some sort of regulation as was said to be favoured by the mine-owners and mine-managers would not be such a bad thing after all. It would be to the interests of the employers to keep the drinking propensities of their workmen within decent bounds, and the blacks would at least be pretty sure of a fairly innocuous drink, and not be poisoned, as they have hitherto been, by the most abominable alcoholic concoctions.

But for the future prosperity of the country something must be done to put the drink traffic on a reasonable basis. One of the great difficulties staring mine-managers in the face, especially considering the impending rapid development of the country, is the shortage of native labour, by which alone the mines, most of them at least, can be worked at a profit. The Kaffir who leaves his native fastnesses for the Rand comes to work, some for three or four months, few for a longer period than six. He may make two or even three journeys, but as soon as he has amassed enough money to buy the requisite number of cows, and thus acquire as many wives as these will fetch, he seldom returns to civilisation. The average duration of the labour of a black man is twelve months, and

unless he changes his habits there promises soon to be a dearth of Kaffir workers.

This difficulty will become more and more acute as the years go on. And if out of these twelve months the drunken native is only really effective for about half the time, it will be seen how very necessary it is that while he is on the mine he shall retain his physical fitness as much as possible. And the proper settlement of the Drink question will have a great deal to do with this consummation.

THE LOST AFRICAN PARADISE

SOME FALLEN ANGELS

"To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight;
As being contrary to His high will,
Whom we resist. If then His providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim."

—*Paradise Lost.*

WITH the approaching disappearance of all things Krugerian there drop into comparative oblivion some remarkable personalities which for their brief hour have strutted the South African stage, and with whom is associated much of the stirring history of the last twenty years in the sub-continent. Their names are household

words the world over, but, generally speaking, there is only a hazy perception of their actual individuality, or of the precise part they played in the absorbing drama now being brought to a close on the wide-rolling plateau north of the Vaal. With their existence, the birth, waxing, and waning of Dutch Afrikanderism are inseparably connected, and the story of their lives is but another expression of the inception and annihilation of, perhaps, the most singular conspiracy ever known in the annals of the world's history.

PAUL KRUGER

"His face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven." —*Paradise Lost.*

Head and shoulders above them all rears the rugged, masterly figure of Paul Kruger, now in

the throes of relentless fate. Around him has centred every element of Anglophobism from the Zambesi to the Cape. Uneducated (in the literary sense), bigoted, intensely narrow-minded, fanatical, a century behind the times, with none of the sartorial graces or attractive mannerisms of the modern epoch-maker, he, by dint of marvellous will-power, inflexible purpose, dogged persistency, and the shrewd, natural cunning and perception that made him one of the best judges living of other men, for more than twenty years has stood the embodiment of ideas and designs which had for their fulfilment the expulsion of British authority from South Africa.

Compared with him, the other conspirators were almost feeble. His personality dominated them all. His the brain which mainly hatched the clever, insidious schemes of Dutch ascendency that are now coming to light; his the strong arm which swept aside obstacle after obstacle to their realisation. At times no gentle sucking-dove could coo more sweetly than he, nor droop its feathers in more graceful submission; at others he would bark the Executive into cowed silence, and storm and browbeat the recalcitrant spirits of

the Raad into abject acceptance of his wishes. As for the departmental heads, no man—except Leyds—ever dared to call his soul or his mind his own when the Presidential despot chose to think differently, and a cultivated scholar like Reitz invariably shrank in the Sphinxlike presence to nothingness.

And behind him, in solid array, stood the dark, dour mass of burghers, fashioned something like himself, with the most implicit confidence in his Divine mission, and the most superstitious reverence for his strange personality. They were wax in his hands, capable of being moulded to any purpose, and no matter how incredible, how unspeakably impossible his words and actions might be, they seldom faltered in their devotion and allegiance.

This is the Man—a man of gnarled oak—whose power is broken for ever, and whose influence must be replaced by British notions of equality and even-handed justice.

He is a man who could conscientiously wax eloquent in the pulpit on the crude, warlike examples of the prophets and captains of the Old Testament.

He is also the man who, in the extremity

of his despair, could utter these words, well knowing that the "butchery" had been wantonly invoked by himself: "Is the whole world going to view this butchery of a free people without stirring? Is God going to allow it?"

He says England has "still to weep tears of blood." However that may be—the threat is the furious lashing of the hooked pike—it is quite certain that he himself has already shed bitter tears of rage and chagrin.

And when they find him out as he really was there will be none of his deluded burghers so poor as to do him reverence.

STEYN

"If thou beest he—But O how fall'n! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest,
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved

He with His thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in His rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike His reign."

—*Paradise Lost.*

The late President of the Orange Free State—he was as much a member of the Pretorian clique as if he lived there—will go down to posterity as Kruger's jackal, and as one who "wrought his people lasting evil." He had all Kruger's weaknesses and little of his strength. The prospect of succession to the glorious potentialities of Chief of Afrikander Federation under Dutch auspices dazzled what little brains he possessed. The bribe that bound him hand and foot was the reversion of Kruger's mantle—for Oom Paul was getting a very old man, and Steyn still in the prime of life.

He is a striking example of the ambition that overleaps itself. He has exchanged the Presidency of a large and pastorally rich, prosperous,

and independent State for the bitter exile of disappointment and the execrations of the people committed to his care.

There will be no necessity, even, for the British to draw his fangs. Nationally and politically he has committed suicide. The great bulk of his erstwhile burghers would rend him an they could. He will probably join the ranks of British haters in some other part of the world. But he is quite harmless.

JAN HOFMEYR

> "Our better part remains
> To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
> What force effected not; that He no less
> At length from us may find, who overcomes
> By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
>
> * * * *
>
> For who can think submission? War then, war
> Open or understood, must be resolved."
>
> —*Paradise Lost.*

Camp Street, Capetown, is more than a thousand miles from Pretoria, but distance was no object to the ramifications of Krugerism, as the world has

had evidence. Jan Hofmeyr, the creator of the Bond, lives in Camp Street. The party of which he is the head has been variously represented as an agricultural, philanthropic, constitutional body, with a violent affection for Great Britain and ultra-Imperial instincts. (Did they not vote the naval contribution ?)

As a matter of plain fact, it is neither one of the three, in its primary sense; either of the three plays second fiddle to the silent strain of hidden melody, susceptible only to the ears of the Faithful. And Mr. Jan Hofmeyr is the Father of the Faithful. True, that under Sir Alfred Milner's paternal regard he has not loomed so largely of late as of yore, but that is probably due to the fact that her Majesty's High Commissioner, who is known to be musically inclined, got wind of the Camp Street concerts, and displayed an irritating desire to participate in the symposiums. Now, Sir Alfred's favourite airs are not at all the kind of music to which the leader and the band generally had become accustomed.

But—to Pretoria. To thoroughly appreciate the recent strained relations between the Boer proper and the Bond, one must realise that the anti-British conspiracy was comprised of two

distinct parties—one the Physical Force Party, predominate in Pretoria, and the other the Constitutional Revolutionists at the Cape. Whatever Hofmeyr's shortcomings may be, he was a keen observer of the political and diplomatic atmosphere of Europe (a burlesque study in Pretoria), and it was quite apparent to him that the time for throwing off the mask was not yet. Kruger was impatient, the Transvaal "Now-or-nevers" were clamouring, but Hofmeyr remained obdurate.

Lengthy messages passed over the wires, the policy of delay waged daily war with the policy of immediate action. But Kruger would not budge, and things began to look serious. Pretoria precipitancy threatened to spoil the game, to destroy the work of years, and the spectacle of Milner looking on with apparently listless indifference, and patting him on the back, with such friendly phrases as "Of course you are loyal," troubled greatly the heart of the Camp Street politician. Ominous clouds began to gather. Something must be done, and that quickly.

So one fine morning Mr. Jan Hofmeyr took a ticket from Capetown to Pretoria, taking with him the benedictions of Sir Alfred and a worried brain.

He returned a sadder, if a wiser man. Kruger treated him much as he would a Kaffir. He raved and bullied, blustered and threatened, and even went so far as to raise his stick against the sacred person of the Apotheosis of Dutch sentiment. Could it be possible that he, the hitherto unchallenged head of the Afrikander movement, "Africa for the Afrikanders," could be thus set at nought and derided? Another Richmond in the field? Treated almost like a child, deafened by expletives and abuse, the Father of the Faithful took a ticket from Pretoria to Capetown, and washed his hands of the whole business.

And he has been washing his hands ever since. Who knows but that some day, in the completeness of his regeneracy, they may be clean enough to accept, what he has hitherto studiously declined, a portfolio of office from her Majesty's High Commissioner? For he has a great regard—so he says—for Queen Victoria, and no one who knows him can doubt that he has, also, a profound respect for Sir Alfred Milner.

Mr. Hofmeyr has recently "repudiated having knowledge of an Afrikander conspiracy, and denied that the Afrikander party ever received material aid from the Transvaal in the shape of

rifles or money." It is not expected of any one so very slim that he should incriminate himself. He will, however, have a good many awkward things to explain away shortly.

He also added that he "did not believe that the British public was capable now of appreciating honest motives, argument, or reason." Of course. "Honest motives," forsooth!

MR. SECRETARY REITZ

> "Too well I see and rue the dire event,
> That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
> Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
> In horrible destruction laid thus low."
>
> —*Paradise Lost.*

Of all the men who have attained notoriety in the South African Republic, perhaps the greatest misconceptions exist as to the character of F. W. Reitz, the late Transvaal State Secretary. Not that he is an uninteresting figure. Indeed, as a study, he is more attractive than any of the others, with the exception of Kruger himself. But he is such a curious admixture of intellectuality and

ignorance, of refinement and boorishness, of poetic aspirations and mundane meanness, that a true estimate is hard to achieve, and still more difficult to translate into written phrase. To commence with, he is the typical Afrikander, the man who has dreamed dreams and built castles in the air, and who has become saturated with the sentiment of Dutch domination.

He is an educated fanatic of an extreme kind. Otherwise tolerant, argumentative, literary in the best sense, he loses judicial and admirable qualities of mind when talking or writing of the South African question. In a word, he is a man with a bee in his bonnet. He first wore it at the initial Bond Congress, and it has been buzzing in his ears ever since. The iniquities of the British, the oppression and sufferings of the Boer, have been his unchanging theme for over twenty years, and, no matter what happens, it will be his swan-song.

He and Olive Schreiner, a close relation, have been the chief literary exponents of Afrikanderdom. He and W. P. Schreiner are said to have revised the proofs of "A Story of a South African Farm," and to have suggested the writing and inspired the motive of "Trooper Peter Halket."

Be that as it may, there is no questioning the fact that Reitz himself is no mean writer, whether it be in Dutch, English, German, or French. A man of very considerable attainments, he is the embodiment of courtesy and honour up to a certain point. But when that point is reached—"Africa for the Afrikander"—the analyst comes suddenly on a mental abyss. From that confused incoherent depth have come the most extraordinary emanations of thought and speech. It was from thence that issued the successive anti-British screeds dubbed "A Century of Injustice"—a collection of exaggerations and misstatements that did more to inflame the Boers than anything else, and which, had it been possible for Reitz to have criticised it in saner moments, would have received merciless treatment from his other self.

How, the reader may ask, is it possible to reconcile these contradictions, this curious double individuality, this South African Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? At first sight it would appear an incredible personality, though much stranger paradoxes have appeared in history. Unhappily the true solution of the difficulty involves a painful conclusion. Dr. Reitz is subject to mental aberrations of greater or less frequency. This

distressing malady brought about his resignation of the Free State Presidency, in which he was succeeded by Steyn, and for a long time his friends despaired of his ability again to enter public life.

His devotion to Afrikanderism, however, attracted him to Pretoria, where he took over the reins of State Secretaryship from Dr. Leyds. Ever since he has been Kruger's puppet. For Leyds, although not possessing half Reitz's brains, had more than double his share of will-power, and whereas he more often than not bent even Kruger to his purpose, and lorded it over Afrikander and Hollander alike, Reitz, who is more of a student than a leader of men, was browbeaten and cajoled from the President downwards, until at last there were none so humble as did not laugh behind his back. But he worked indefatigably, and neither spared himself nor any of his family in what he conscientiously believed to be a cause eventually destined to triumph.

The defeat of Afrikanderdom will almost break his heart. No one need be surprised to hear at any moment that his mind has again given way. But, wherever he goes and whatever his fate, his bitterest enemy will never be able to point the

finger of scorn at his private character. He is one of the few men in Pretoria who have kept themselves free of the polluting influences around them, who have touched pitch and not been defiled, who, to sum up, will leave the Transvaal poor men; and this fact alone, to those who know their Pretoria, speaks more than volumes.

LOUIS BOTHA

"Thither let us tend,

* * * *

And reassembling our afflicted powers
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair."

—*Paradise Lost.*

Louis Botha is the gentleman of the Boer generals. He probably wields more influence among the burghers than Kruger himself. He is a brave man, a kindly man, a progressive man. He represented a Vryheid district in the Raad, and was conspicuous there for his liberal views

and for his opposition to Kruger's repressive and retrogressive measures. He was born in Natal, and helped, along with Lukas Meyer, to conquer the New Republic. Whatever his opinion of the propriety or expediency of the policy that led to the Ultimatum, directly war did break out he flung himself heart and soul into the Republican cause, and before operations had been in progress two months he was easily first of all Piet Joubert's vecht (or fighting) generals. His personal gallantry, tireless devotion, calm fortitude, and splendid strategy made him the darling of all the laagers.

I never met a man with a sweeter temper or more modest mien. He reminded me of the old British yeoman farmer, chivalrous and simple-hearted, and it is quite certain that none of the cruelties, none of the "white-flagging" incidents, none of the dishonouring dodges of which we hear so much would have happened had it been possible for Louis Botha to have kept an eye on every part of the field of operations, or to have exercised immediate personal supervision. He it was who commanded the Boers at the battles of Spion Kop and Colenso; he it was who desperately resisted Buller's final advance on Ladysmith,

and who was nearly left in the lurch by Joubert's precipitate retreat from in front of the beleaguered town.

On Joubert's death Louis Botha's succession to the Commandant-Generalship was a foregone conclusion. He is the man with whom Lord Roberts will eventually settle terms of peace and the surrender of the enemy. The Boer chief has a great admiration for the British Commander-in-Chief, whom he regards as a soldier and a gentleman, and the meeting between the two should be an interesting one to both—the vanquished and the victor—and an historic spectacle.

Louis Botha, not yet forty, is the head of the Republic, or what there is left of it, for in war-time the Commandant-General takes precedence of the President. And if he cries "Enough" it may be taken for granted that the burghers will lay down their arms, almost to a rifle. But he is a man of bull-dog tenacity, and will fight as long as he thinks he has the ghost of a chance. If he can get any considerable number of Boers to stay with him, he will probably elect to "die in the last ditch." Louis Botha is not afraid of death.

THE LATE PIET JOUBERT

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge?"

—*Paradise Lost.*

Though dead and gone, Piet Joubert must be reckoned as one of the chief pillars of fallen Krugerism—not Krugerism in the personal, but in the national sense. For it was no secret that an intense rivalry existed for years between "Oom Piet" and "Oom Paul," and though the latter was always "top dog," he had to hold on with all his might lest his "slim" antagonist, by some adroit move, should roll him off and pin him to the ground in turn. The struggle for the bones—the spoils of office—went on for years. On more than one occasion it resolved itself into

a national cleavage. The most threatening aspect of the struggle assumed a religious phase. Kruger ranged about him the implacable Puritans of the old faith—the Dopper Church; while Joubert espoused and championed the newer sect, the Reformers from Holland. After years of internecine strife, a compromise was effected between the Churches—though the differences have never been allayed, even up to the outbreak of war—Kruger got the Presidency, and Joubert the Vice-Presidency. Neither ceased to distrust the other.

Joubert was supposed to be of a more progressive turn of mind than Kruger, though it is more than likely that the difference between them was one more of methods than essentials. It was generally conceded in Pretoria that, if Kruger took one direction, Joubert, as a matter of course, took the other. The late Commandant-General worshipped the cult of the jumping cat, and this impression was strengthened when it leaked out that, prior to the abortive revolution on the Rand of 1895–96, Joubert had been secretly coquetting with the Reformers, with the object, no doubt, of supplanting his old rival and inaugurating an era of government by whips in place of government

by scorpions. However that may be, the scheme failed, and from that time Piet Joubert was content to play second fiddle to his successful adversary. It is said, too, that Joubert strenuously opposed Kruger in the Executive in his determination to precipitate the conflict with Great Britain. Here, again, it is hard to say whether he was actuated by motives of friendliness to England or by his never-sleeping dislike of Kruger and his high-handed proceedings.

He failed to stem the tide, and went forth to battle—his enemies say in a very half-hearted frame of mind. He possibly saw more clearly than Kruger that, without the expected miracle, the struggle with the British Empire was hopeless from the outset, for it must be remembered that Joubert, more than any other Boer leader, held acquaintance with British military methods and resources, and had been brought into contact, both in Africa and in Europe, with the latent strength of the British Empire. In any case, from the outbreak of hostilities to his death he was under a cloud; his tactics were questioned, his orders openly flouted, and the burghers for the most part placed little confidence in him. His death, from the result of an accident whilst

riding his pony, was received with mixed feelings, and the writer has heard many Boers, some of them in high places, express satisfaction that the "drag upon the wheel," as they called him, had been removed from their councils of war. Some hold that but for "Slim Piet" Ladysmith would have been rushed in the early stages of the campaign, and that then Natal and the Cape would have fallen an easy prey to the Boer hordes. But the more probable explanation of the old General's wariness lies in his more intimate knowledge of the burghers he led, and of their constitutional reluctance to "rush" anything entailing any considerable amount of danger or blood-letting to themselves.

He is dead now, but if from some other sphere he be conscious of the progress of events, his recollections of the many falls he sustained in the troubled arena of Boer politics will be somewhat assuaged by the knowledge that his great rival has toppled from the pinnacle of power and lies broken in the dust of Afrikander ambitions.

SCHALK BURGER

"I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror; this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger." —*Paradise Lost.*

In his time Schalk Burger has played many parts. Notwithstanding his ability, he was one of the most invertebrate of Pretoria's statesmen, and in Kruger's eye seemed very much like a jelly-fish. The impression which he gave of indetermination arose not from any constitutional defect, but was rather due to the fact that intellectually he was far advanced of the stubborn old burghers, a very progressive man, and one of the first of the prominent Boers in the Transvaal who saw that "the old order changeth," and that it was useless wilfully to shut one's eyes to the new conditions springing up all round. But, although he saw the danger, he was powerless to avert it. He certainly tried very hard.

He opposed Kruger for the Presidentship, and there are many burghers who assert to this day that, had it not been for the tampering with the ballot-boxes, he would have been returned at the head of the poll. Had that been so, the South African Republic would never have gone to war with Great Britain. Schalk Burger and Lukas Meyer and Louis Botha were looked upon as leaders of the Progressive Party in the First Raad and parliamentary opponents of the Krugerites. Much was once expected of him by the mining industry of the Rand, and he seemed to enter in genuine fashion into the attempt to remedy its grievances and ensure its immunity from extortion and exaction. He took a leading part in the deliberations of the Industrial Commission, and clearly showed there his liberal tendencies. But even he could not get the machinery of reform put in motion in Pretoria. When war broke out he went into Natal at the head of his commandos as a vecht-general, and it is said that he, more than General Joubert, planned the Republican army's dispositions. On Joubert's death he was passed over for the Commandant-Generalship by Louis Botha, a younger and more virile man. But he stuck to Paul Kruger to the last, and

succeeded Joubert as Vice-President. He is not at all a difficult man to get on with; courteous and considerate. He dresses in the garb of a local preacher, but his clothes are generally very shabby and his silk hat has seen better days. He will be one of the first of the leading Boers who will welcome the establishment of British rule in the Transvaal, for he is a bit of a philosopher in his way, and recognises that the inevitable is—well, the inevitable.

MR. "SAMMY" MARKS

> "The towers of heav'n are filled
> With armèd watch, that render all access
> Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
> Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
> Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
> Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
> By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
> With blackest insurrection to confound
> Heav'n's purest light, yet our great Enemy
> All incorruptible would on His throne
> Sit unpolluted." —*Paradise Lost.*

Mr. Sam Marks—or, as he is known throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, "Sammy"

Marks—is one of the best friends, if not the best, the Transvaal has ever had. He and his partner Lewis came to it many years ago, settled in it, amassed huge fortunes in it, and grew to be a great power. Although of the Hebraic persuasion, Mr. Marks is a very old friend of Paul Kruger, and was known to have a tremendous amount of influence with the President. They were, in fact, quite "cronies" in a way, and were frequent visitors to each other's house. Oom Paul used to hold him up as a pattern to his burghers for industry, thrift, and enterprise. And not without good reason. For Mr. Marks, if he did make his money out of the Transvaal, certainly put it in again. He farmed more land, and that on the most approved scientific principles, than any other six men in the country put together. His estates are models of what can be done with the bare veldt once brains and capital and work are put into it. Through his enterprise his farms, with their masses of waving plantations —hardly a dozen years old, yet rearing themselves sixty and a hundred feet into the blue sky—acres upon acres of fruit-trees, corn, mealies, potatoes, vineyards, are an abiding pleasure. His place at Swartkopjes (*i.e.*, "black-hills") is a dream of

comfort and luxuriousness. He has transformed a barren tract of land into a veritable paradise, and all within a few years. It was this striking devotion to the improvement of the country, wherever he set his foot, that endeared "Sammy" to Oom Paul more than anything else. Mr. Marks's reward, however, was on a scale commensurate with his pluck. He not only has made every one of his farms pay handsomely—they would not be kept up if they did not—but he received in many tangible ways tokens of Kruger's appreciation of his endeavours. For be it known that Mr. Sam Marks holds more concessions for exclusive manufacture than any one else in the Transvaal. Whenever, in the early days, the Government were short of funds, he nearly always came to the rescue, and in return received the usual concession. There was nothing dishonourable about these transactions. It was the Boers' method of raising revenue. But as the years went on and the population increased these concessions grew enormously in value, until I should hesitate to say now how much Mr. Marks really is worth—he and his partner. He tried very hard to dissuade Kruger from going to war, but, for once in his life,

and once too often, the old President turned a deaf ear to his trusted friend. Thereupon "Sammy" went to Swartkopjes and quietly awaited the *dénouement.* He never tired, however, of letting Kruger know that he had made a perilous mistake, and when, during respites in the campaign, he was visited by Lukas Meyer, Louis Botha, Piet Grobler, and others of the inner circle, he was just as frank with them. He will be even better off under British rule than Boer. Concessions, of course, will cease, but he has quite enough to develop properly, or, as will probably happen, dispose of.

DE WET

> "Who but felt of late,
> When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
> Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
> With what compulsion and laborious flight
> We sunk thus low?"
>
> —*Paradise Lost.*

Christian De Wet, who has been causing the British so much trouble in the north-east of the Orange River Colony, is a man very much like Louis Botha for quiet tenacity of purpose, great daring,

and indomitable courage. He is the last left of the Free State generals, and the only one who has made any very considerable reputation during the war. He is a comparatively young man, not yet forty. He wears spectacles, a coal-black beard, is over six feet in height, and combines much Boer shrewdness with extremely pleasing manners. He tried hard to rescue Cronje from his impossible position at Paardeberg, but failed; and his message was the first news that Pretoria received of the redoubtable Piet's capture. Since then he has been pursuing a destructive course of guerilla warfare, evading any stand-up fight, pouncing down on communications and small bodies of men. It was very likely a point of honour between De Wet and Louis Botha not to be the first to give in, each being desirous of going down to history as the last Afrikander chief to withstand the might of British arms. But a serious responsibility is involved in continuing a hopeless struggle and sacrificing precious lives for the sake of personal aggrandisement.

PIET GROBLER

" His strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall."
—*Paradise Lost.*

For reasons that are not familiar to Europe, Piet Grobler comes easily first of what may be called the Lesser Lights of Fallen Krugerism. Indeed, during the last twelve months of storm and stress he came very much to the front at Pretoria, and had the Great Conspiracy succeeded he would undoubtedly have joined the circle of the larger luminaries ruling South Africa's destiny. He is still a young man—very young to have held the important office of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Of course, he partly owed his elevation to family influence, being a near relative of Kruger. He has paid two visits to England, and is a capital linguist, speaking English, French, Dutch, and German with equal fluency.

One of the young hopes of the Afrikander Party, and no very great admirer of Leyds, he was a great power at the Presidency, and the affection in which he was held by Oom Paul

made him a person of no little importance, even apart from his official standing. Possessing a frank, engaging manner, a pleasing, open countenance, he was sometimes an easy prey to Jew cajoler and concession-hunter, though his weakness in this respect was due more to his confiding nature than to any defects in his moral constitution. He perhaps knew as much about Europe and European politics as any one in Pretoria, but that's not saying much, and many of the misconceptions current at the capital before war broke out respecting the diplomatic situation in northern latitudes were probably due to Grobler's imperfect judgment and hastily conceived prepossessions. On more than one occasion, whilst in conversation, I have remarked an astonishing want of proportion in his deductions on the political aspect in Great Britain and the Continent, and as he possessed intimate access to the President, and was implicitly trusted by him, I have no doubt that he communicated many of his mistaken notions to the head of the State, who would absorb them without question.

It is said that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and never was the truth of the trite saying so conclusively proved as in the case of Piet

Grobler. On the strength of a couple of flying visits to England, and a cursory study of the European journals, he posed as an unimpeachable authority on the condition of the diplomatic atmosphere in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. I have smiled many a time at his singular conclusions, but, absurd as they appeared to any one even tolerably well acquainted with the drift of European sentiment, there was no doubt about the sincerity with which they were expressed.

"Piet," as he was familiarly called, made it a practice almost every day of reading to the President selected passages from British, Irish, French, and German newspapers, and he would be pretty sure to choose only those that would please the old man and stiffen him in the fatal course to which he was committed.

But, for all that, Grobler is a very likeable man, perhaps the only chief official in the Government Buildings who had an appreciation of the comical, and, though an Afrikander of the Afrikanders, and one of the "die-in-the-last-ditch" set, his sense of humour will probably come to his rescue before long, and his cheery face once more be seen in the streets of Pretoria, reconciled to the

inevitable. He is married, a good shot, and stands six feet two high.

LUKAS MEYER

"He through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories.

* * * * *

He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

—*Paradise Lost.*

Had not Louis Botha come so rapidly to the front, Lukas Meyer would have succeeded to the Commandant-Generalship on the death of Piet Joubert. He was Botha's tutor in the art of Boer warfare, but the pupil outstripped the master in device and resource. It was Lukas Meyer who devised and executed the pounce on Ladysmith, and who also, despite Joubert's opposition, swept south of the Tugela, as far as Estcourt, and

threw Maritzburg and Durban into a state of panic. The ineffectiveness of this move, and the sudden and lucky retreat, proved Joubert's justification, and in a great measure dimmed Meyer's popularity. At the same time he was an acknowledged master of strategy.

Lukas Meyer is another enormous man, considerably over six feet high, with a long coal-black beard and mild-looking eyes. Before party distinctions were effaced by the war he was known as a Progressive, and his succession to the chairmanship of the First Raad in place of Mr. Wolmarans, elevated to the Executive, was a signal defeat for the Krugerites or Retrogressives. He is a large farmer, and doesn't like fighting for fighting's sake, though he will chiefly be remembered for his conquest of the New Republic in the south-east corner of the Transvaal.

Had that Ultimatum not been launched he would have been the next President of the South African Republic. As it is, he will go back to his farm and stay there until the bestowal of responsible government on the new British colony gives him the opportunity, should he care to take it, of once more making his voice heard in the Parliament—late Raad. He can always depend on a

considerable following, and is one of the men who will have to find contentment before the Transvaal Boer settles down to peace and prosperity.

"FRICKIE" ELOFF

> "Mammon led them on,
> Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
> From heav'n."
>
> —*Paradise Lost.*

"Frickie" Eloff is Kruger's son-in-law and uncle of Commandant Eloff, of Krugersdorp and Mafeking notoriety, and is one of the richest Boers in the Transvaal, or for that matter in South Africa. He is a tall, dark, secretive gentleman, dresses in sombre, clerical-looking garments, and is apparently nearly always buried in the most profound thought. His principal confederates in the congenial work of "spoiling the Egyptians"—by which are meant the Outlanders—were the Brothers Gillingham, of whom Solomon will go down to posterity as the champion concessionaire-hunter of all time.

"Frickie" was for years attached to the immediate Presidential *entourage*. If "Frickie" took anything in hand it was nearly always sure to go through the Executive and the Raads with the minimum of friction and the maximum of profit; and, as a consequence, he was very much in request by the concession-hunters and the large class of adventurers who besieged the Government Buildings at Pretoria for favours.

Supposing, for instance, the Illicit Liquor King desired some modification of the existing laws, or burned for the removal of some over-zealous official whom he could not square, and who proved an insuperable obstacle to the successful conduct of "business." Did he lose heart because he was a Jew, and therefore outside the pale? Did he commit the unpardonable folly of shouting his woes out upon the housetops? No, he did not. He forthwith enlisted the "sympathies" of "Frickie" or some other member of the "inner circle," and persuaded them of the injustice of the persecution to which the Children of Israel were subjected—it was becoming well-nigh impossible to earn an honest penny, the "trade" was never let alone, there was so much "cutting-up" to be done that it was difficult to make ends meet.

Would "Frickie" or, if he hadn't the time, one of his friends, act the part of the Good Samaritan?

Eloff, as can be imagined, grew to be a great power in Pretoria. He was semi-officially known as the Presidential go-between. He engineered the proclamation and sale of the Geduld Farm, by which, it is said, Kruger's bank balance benefited to the tune of £100,000. He had his finger in almost every pie, and he always strove, so he said, for the benefit of the State. Some idea of Kruger's wealth can be gleaned from the fact that "Frickie" Eloff is probably worth anything from a million to a million and a half sterling. And, as I have said, he was merely the confidential agent, and there were others beside him who had to "get a bit."

The last time I saw "Frickie" was at Heilbron, in the Free State, in March of this year. He and one of the Gillinghams were down there buying horses for the Government. The Transvaal emissaries had practically a free hand as to price —that is, £20 was the limit. In three days they had secured 1000 animals at an average of £15. (One man whom I spoke with complained that he had only got £14 each for a drove of 17—but

that by the way.) The difference between 1000 horses at £20 and, say, 1000 at £15 each is £5000. Not a bad three days' work for three "simple farmers"—for, of course, there was the indispensable middleman.

FRITZ KRAUSE

"A fairer person lost not heav'n."
—*Paradise Lost.*

Dr. Fritz Krause, as his name implies, is of German descent. He comes of a Bloemfontein family, his father having been a highly respected medical man of that city. His recently deceased brother Albert was at one time Transvaal State Attorney, and another brother occupied the same post in the Free State. Fritz is the youngest and cleverest of the boys. He received an English education, and, moreover, he is a lawyer of no mean ability. He never liked Smuts, and Smuts never liked him.

During the past two or three years he has filled the very stormy position of Public Prosecutor of Johannesburg and Assistant State Attorney, and in

both capacities he contrived to incur the opprobrium of the Outlander Press, which is not to be wondered at, considering that he acted for the Government in the Jones-Edgar case, the Webb-Dodd case, the Monypenny-Pakeman affair, and in other matters which aroused the bitterest feelings of the Dutch and British residents of the Rand. He possibly did bring an undue amount of zeal into his work, which gave rise to the assertion that he sometimes failed to distinguish between persecution and prosecution, but those who knew him privately—and he numbered a good many Britishers among his personal friends—were inclined to put this down to the enthusiasm of his nature, and not to viciousness.

However that may be, all through the war he was Johannesburg's chiefest safeguard. He opposed Schutte's legalised depredations to the utmost of his power, he controlled the criminal administration of the town just as though there were no such thing as war, and whatever order reigned in the golden city from October to June was mainly owing to his exertions.

He succeded at last in bringing about Schutte's removal, and it was he who eventually surrendered the town to Lord Roberts after a hard struggle

with the Irreconcilables, who were for fighting it out. In his despatch announcing the fall of Johannesburg the British Commander-in-Chief paid Dr. Krause a well-deserved tribute, which every one whose fortune it was to remain in the city during the war will heartily endorse. He was a clean-handed official, and had he, and not Smuts, been State Attorney, the chances of war would have been considerably minimised.

An he would, he could a tale unfold.

COMMANDANT SCHUTTE

"The will
And high permission of all-ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance poured."
—*Paradise Lost.*

There are plenty of Schuttes in the Transvaal, but only one "Old Schutte." For years he was

head of the police and detective forces, but on the advent of Smuts to the State Attorneyship the control of the detectives was taken from his hands, and from that time his power began to wane. And no wonder. For of all the unprincipled people who have made Transvaal officialdom a byword among the nations, Schutte occupies either first or second place. Kruger was long his staunch friend, and, perhaps on the principle of birds of a feather flocking together, they were frequently to be seen hobnobbing.

But even Oom Paul, powerful though he was, could not save "Old Schutte" at last. It is a notorious fact that, just before his wings were clipped, he showed a deficit of £13,000 in his books. What did the Government do? They sent him on a trip to the north, on some chimerical mission, until the usual nine days' talk had ceased. And when the affair had blown over he came back as unconcerned as possible, and resumed the reins of office!

What he did, or what he has done with all his gains, goodness only knows. He must have made thousands. The I. G. B. and the Illicit Liquor trades flourished on the Rand without

let or hindrance, and many detectives were up to the neck in them, and no one seemed to possess the power or the inclination to put a stop to the business.

Then, when the war broke out, Schutte got himself appointed Commandant of Johannesburg and the Rand. This was a god-send to him. The appointment was worth at least £10,000, properly worked. He hadn't been in office above a week before Mr. Van der Merve, the Mining Commissioner (the head of the city in time of peace), threw up his post in disgust and went to the front, and only considerations of public duty kept Dr. Krause (who eventually surrendered the city to Lord Roberts) at his office. Schutte's "commandeering" exploits were the wonder of everybody, and the admiration of all the "Peruvian" Jews in the place.

No one dared to question his authority—everything was done in the name of the State. He issued all the licences for the Kaffir eating-houses. That brought in £1500. For every horse or pony required by the Government he "commandeered" two. He charged commandeered goods to the Government, but all many of the owners got was a receipt. The whole city was at his

mercy. He gave permission to Dutch vrows and their children to inhabit the beautiful and palatial mansions of the absent Outlanders. Pretty pig-styes they quickly became, and it is certain that the intruders carried away many things of value that were portable.

In a word, "Old Schutte" saw the opportunity of his life and took it. On Lord Roberts's entry into the city he had ceased to be Commandant, and Dr. Krause—a far different man—had taken his place.

MUNNIK, THE YOUNGER

"Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n."
—*Paradise Lost.*

Munnik, the younger, is a perfect type of the Afrikander Anglophobe. His father is G. G. Munnik, of Boksburg, whose influence with Kruger led to his son's appointment as Assistant State Mining Engineer over the heads of men his superior. But he was a young Afrikander, and the Afrikander Party was then coming very much to the front in Pretoria. Munnik, the younger,

spent some time at the London School of Mines, played a good deal of cricket in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, and went back to the Transvaal with a good smattering of things English. He had no practical knowledge, but that didn't matter; he had gone through certain courses of the London curriculum, which was deemed sufficient to entitle him to important office under the State.

At the time of the outbreak of hostilities, his chief, Mr. Klimke, was in Europe, and on Munnik, therefore, devolved the duty of running the mines for the Government. There are some who say that he performed his duties honestly; others that he "made hay while the sun shone." It is more easy to say these things than to prove them. But a very nasty impression was produced by the revelations in the Patrick Walsh case. This Irish-American was charged with having attempted Munnik's life. It appeared from the evidence that the Assistant State Mining Engineer had allowed himself to be decoyed at the dead of night to a lonely spot, where a gang of masked desperadoes held him up and threatened him.

Now, Munnik is what is known as a "slim"

young man, and it is not likely on one hypothesis that Walsh and his mates expected Munnik would load his pockets with bar gold before keeping such a dangerous rendezvous; but, otherwise, what the *raison d'être* of the elaborate measures taken for the dark and secret meeting?

There were some ugly rumours afloat, though the case for the defence was never allowed to transpire. Walsh's friends asserted that he and Munnik met to arrange a "gold deal"—one of the many that had taken place—that some disagreement as to the "cutting-up" process ensued, that Munnik shot at Walsh, and that Walsh's mates, who had remained secreted, thereupon sprang out and overpowered the Assistant State Mining Engineer, and before binding and gagging him made him take some terrible oaths not to give them away. Of course, when he was free he did give them away, and the arrests followed.

It was said that the gang had taken the precaution of photographing Munnik in several compromising situations both on this occasion and previously, and it may be that the knowledge of the existence of these damning witnesses had something to do with hushing up the case. Or it

is possible that the admission of Munnik, during cross-examination, of the Government instruction to drill the mines for dynamite cartridges—hitherto solemnly denied by Reitz—brought on the sudden closure. A good deal of this business has yet to come out.

A significant commentary on Munnik's conduct of office is supplied by the fact that Mr. Klimke on his return from Europe, and after a slight inquiry into what was going on, resigned his post and left the country, leaving Munnik in supreme possession.

In many respects an agreeable man, his Anglophobism is intensely bitter. When he went to the front for a short spell he left behind for his children, in case of death, legacies of hate in shape of letters—to be opened when they attained their majority—couched in terms of the most virulent abuse and implacable hatred of Britishers and all things British. There is no doubt about this, for his father gloried about it in my hearing.

MENTON, DESERTER AND DETECTIVE

> " Farewell happy fields,
> Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail
> Infernal world; and thou profoundest hell
> Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
> A mind not to be changed by place or time."
> —*Paradise Lost.*

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, Britons and Boers alike, would be pleased to hear that among the captures effected by Lord Roberts at Johannesburg was that of Menton, the Transvaal Chief Detective. His real name is Madden, and he deserted from the British army either during the Zulu Campaign of 1877–78 or in the Boer War of 1880–81. He found his way to Barberton, where for some time he acted as gaoler at the local prison. When the subsequent rush to the Rand took place, he went too, and eventually occupied the post of chief gaoler of Johannesburg. He got wrong in his accounts, however, and also committed other irregularities, and was sent back to Barberton.

On the dismissal of Robert Ferguson—suspected by Smuts of not being sufficiently

pro-Boer for the delicate work of his office in the coming startling developments—he was a candidate for the Chief Detectiveship, but was defeated by De Villiers, whose place he afterwards filled when the war took his successful rival to the front. Smuts probably made the appointment on the time-honoured principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, or perhaps he was influenced by the thought that the anti-British sentiments of a deserter like Menton, with his fate ever dangling before his eyes, could be relied upon past the point where a self-respecting Afrikander would turn restive.

Anyhow, he and Schutte, the commandant, simply terrorised the Rand—there is no other description for it. Their operations were one long course of legalised theft. Every one said that both would be missing so soon as the British got within reasonable distance of Johannesburg. In the case of Schutte everybody turned out to be right; but for some unaccountable reason Menton allowed himself to be caught, which is not like Menton. He is probably now wishing that he had never seen the Transvaal. In that he is only echoing the sentiments of hundreds of people who have had the "privilege" of his acquaintance.

BURGOMASTER DE VILLIERS

"He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than gods."

—*Paradise Lost.*

Burgomaster De Villiers, of Johannesburg, is a very broad-minded Boer, the descendant of an old Huguenot family, and the erstwhile Chairman of the Johannesburg Stadsraad, or Town Council, of which Mr. Chamberlain once said: "An easy way to have remedied the grievances was to have given the people of Johannesburg, where the Outlanders most congregated, a real municipality, a municipality in the sense in which we understand it in this country." But the body over which Mr. De Villiers presided was not a "real" municipality. The popularly elected members were swamped by the Government nominees. But if there had to be a Government chairman, Mr. De Villiers filled the post with as much tact and courtesy as could have been expected. He never would believe, however, in ultimate British success, and scouted the very idea of "Tommy"

putting his foot on Transvaal soil. He told me this as late as March of this year. I should like to see him again, if only to hear him admit his mistake, for that he will do so frankly and without bitterness I am convinced. His two aldermen were Messrs. Edward Hancock and Harry Solomon, the former a burgher (and deputy-burgomaster), the latter an Outlander. When war broke out both left the country, and it would have gone hard with the former if the Boers could have laid hands on him. As it is, he will be lucky if he finds his house untouched on his return to the Rand, while, if the Boers had been successful, the whole of his property would undoubtedly have been confiscated. Alderman Hancock knows a good deal about the Basutos—and other things; Alderman Solomon knows a good deal about most things, especially those Johannesburgian.

MR. VAN DER MERWE

"That strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire."
—*Paradise Lost.*

Mr. J. L. Van der Merwe has for many years been Mining Commissioner of Johannesburg, a

position exceeding in importance that of the Burgomaster. He has now, of course, ceased office, but he will be remembered as one of the progressive Boers. By virtue of his post he mixed a great deal with the Outlander element, a process which, no doubt, considerably broadened his sympathies. He was trusted by the President, but could make little impression on the old autocrat when he had once made up his mind—as who, indeed, could? Six months before the war he went on a visit to Europe, but returned just in time to take part in hostilities, though it is doubtful if he would have gone to the front so soon had it not been for the appointment of Commandant Schutte as Military Governor of the Rand, which dwarfed his own office into nothingness. It transpired that Mr. Van der Merwe, rather than be associated with Schutte's scandalous proceedings, asked for and obtained leave to go and fight.

HANS MALAN

"The strongest and fiercest spirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair."
—*Paradise Lost.*

Hans Malan is a sturdy Boer, of the Irreconcilable type. He is a connection of the Kruger family. He was Chief Inspector of Roads. I include him in this list because he always struck me as being, mentally and physically, the apotheosis of the Physical Force Party. He brought a great deal of influence to bear during the secret Raad sittings on those members known to be wavering in the direction of peace, and whom it was necessary to intimidate and coerce into joining the war-gang. I saw him once or twice, standing on the steps leading to the Raad, button-holing the members as they went in and out, and there was no mistaking his truculent bearing. And when each sitting was over it was only necessary to look at his beaming face to guess which way the wind was blowing. He was closely intimate with the President, and along with Piet Grobler reflected

in a great measure the Presidential mind. Those who are now saying that Kruger was compelled to go to war because of the clamouring of his burghers should first of all try and explain Hans Malan away. This gentleman, along with Field-Cornet Lombard, Mr. Broeksma, and several inspectors of the Main Reef Road (then in course of construction), with the assistance of the armed burghers employed on it, were chiefly instrumental in breaking up the famous Amphitheatre meeting at Johannesburg. The Government sanctioned its holding, but Government employees almost exclusively broke it up. The great measure of success which attended his efforts made of Hans Malan a little god in Pretoria. He had shown the Boers an effectual way of dealing with the "rooineks." They only needed firmly tackling with a bludgeon, or, if that failed, with—a Mauser.

THE PAST OF THE RAND

DISABILITIES AND GRIEVANCES OF THE MINING INDUSTRY UNDER THE KRUGER RÉGIME

THE disabilities under which the mining industry of the Transvaal laboured may be divided into two classes: (*a*) Drawbacks directly attributable to Government policy. (*b*) Drawbacks peculiar to the country, and which might in some directions, and in part, have been remedied or cured by liberal State schemes and co-operation. Of these two, those coming within the former category were of far greater importance and weight. Industrial grievances due to maladministration by the Pretorian authorities consisted rather of an aggregate of small evils than of one large overwhelming drawback to enterprise and development. No one could put his finger on one particular feature and truthfully say, "*This* is killing the main industry of the State, or *that* is

stifling every enterprise." The warfare waged by Pretoria against Johannesburg and its mines was mainly one of guerilla tactics. Admittedly it was the policy of Pretoria to confine within as narrow limits as possible the Outlander element, and especially the English factor thereof. The whole trend of legislation clearly and emphatically shows this governing consideration. To a very large extent the Outlander community, present as well as prospective, was identified with mining enterprise; and it was part of the general scheme to keep the Outlander population within limits, and consequently that the industry should be in a measure oppressed. Doubtless this was the first consideration when the general policy of Pretoria was laid down some time after the discovery of the Gold Fields. Subsequently it was found that profit could be made, though still following out distrust and dislike of the Outlander, by repressing gold mining and allowing other companies to fleece the industry.

It is undeniable that considerations of profit to the Government and to individuals and companies were allowed to override the legitimate demands of the mining industry for fair treatment when the draft of the dynamite concession was

made. In like manner the Netherlands South African Railway Company was allowed far too great latitude—seeing it had a monopoly for the Gold Fields traffic—in the matter of the fares and freight tariffs that it had the right to charge.

THE NETHERLANDS RAILWAY

Both these monopolies were grossly oppressive, though in different ways. The dynamite monopoly pressed altogether on the mines, but the railway iniquity affected every inhabitant of the State, as well as greatly increasing the operating costs of the mines. While the high railway rates actually affected the price of stores throughout the country, the Boer of the back-country was hardly touched by the incidence of tariff, whereas the Outlander, with his different tastes and mode of life, had his living bill, so to say, greatly increased by the unduly high freights the Netherlands Company was permitted to charge.

It is generally conceded that the railway monopoly was the worst grievance of the industry. No one would have objected to the railway making a fair profit on its undertaking, even 6 per cent. on its capital. With the gold companies earning

good dividends, no objection could have been theoretically advanced against the railway being allowed a high percentage of profit. But there is a profit-point beyond which railway prosperity is bought at the expense of the country and the people, and especially is this the case in new countries. This limit was decidedly passed by the Netherlands Company; its profits were earned against the true interests of the State, to say nothing of the industry and the Outlander. The fact that 85 per cent. of surplus profit went to the State Treasury does not alter that conclusion.

Mileages and Financial Results of Working

Can we state the actual money effect the railway monopoly had upon the mining industry? It is a difficult matter to judge. Even if we consider the capital invested in the railway, allow the same rate as that earned by the Cape Government Railway on the outlay, and regard the difference between that amount and the actual profit secured, even then we can only obtain an approximate idea. At best an imperfect one. For one reason, the Gold Fields section of the line had, in a way,

to pay for unremunerative sections—the Krugersdorp, Potchefstroom, and Klerksdorp line, for instance.

The Netherlands Railway comprises about 717 miles of line as follows:

	From	To	Miles
Eastern Line	Pretoria	Komati Poort	295
Barberton Br'ch	Kaapmuiden	Barberton	35
Southern Line	Pretoria	Elandsfontein	37
" "	Elandsfontein	Johannesburg	10
" "	"	Elsburg	4½
" "	Elsburg	Vaal River	36½
Rand Tram	Springs	Elandsfontein	21
S'th-W'st'n Line	Johannesburg	Klerksdorp	117
S'th E'st'n Line	Elsburg	Natal Frontier	160

Including the receipts from the company's coal mine at Springs, the financial results of working for the past few years have been:

	Receipts.	Expenses.	Profits.
1895	£1,598,892	£713,319	£885,573
1896	2,961,686	1,429,926	1,531,760
1897	3,074,920	1,594,121	1,480,799
1898	2,708,294	1,390,327	1,317,967

The capitalisation of the company is peculiar. The shares consist of 11,000 shares of 6 per cent., and 3000 bearing interest at 4½ per cent. The

shares are of 1000 florins each, giving sterling value as under :

11,000 6 per cent. . . .	£916,666	13	4
3,000 4½ per cent. . . .	250,000	0	0
	£1,166,666	13	4

According to the report of the Transvaal Railway Commissioner, published in 1897, the debenture liability was £6,598,166, bearing interest at 4 and 5 per cent. Some changes have since taken place, and a recent article in the *Statist* gives the outstanding debentures at £7,030,000.

"Legitimate" and Actual Profits

In the year 1899, though a large portion of its system was either in the hands of the enemy or under military control, the Cape Government Railways earned £4 12*s.* 7*d.** per cent. on the

* The Cape Government Railways operating over 2000 miles of road, or nearly three times the mileage of the N. Z. A. S. M., earn in gross only about 70 per cent. of the latter's profits. On the Cape system in 1898 and 1899 the leading results were :

	Receipts.	Expenses.	Profits.
	£	£	£
1898 ...	2,953,090 ...	2,012,390 ...	940,700
1899 ...	2,792,975 ...	1,830,821 ...	962,654

The Netherlands Railway earned profits at the rate of 8¾

applicable capital, against £4 13*s.* 11*d.* in the previous year. Allowing 4¾ per cent. on the whole capital as being a legitimate earning for a semi-Government Railway like the "Netherlands," we get a profit of £389,344 on the larger capital quoted, against an average of over £1,400,000 actual.

Compare the actual profit and the legitimate profit:

Year.		Actual Profit.		Legitimate Profit at 4¾% (C.G.R. rate) on Capital, Shares and Debentures.		Excess Profit.
		£		£		£
1896	...	1,531,760	...	368,835	...	1,162,925
1897	...	1,480,799	(say)	368,835	...	1,111,964
1898	...	1,317,967	...	389,344	...	928,623

From the foregoing figures it will be seen that the Netherlands Railway sweated out of the country, and chiefly out of the Industry, an average profit of over a million sterling in each of the last three years over and above what may be termed the "fair trading profit" earned by the Cape system.

It used frequently to be said by would-be apologists for this iniquitous condition of things

per cent. on its capital in 1895, 13½ per cent. in 1896, 12¾ per cent. in 1897, and 11½ per cent. in 1898.

that the railway company had as much right as the gold companies to earn large profits. Any economist will see the fallacy of the argument. But, as a matter of fact, the Government held 5788 shares out of 14,000, while it also scooped in 85 per cent. of the profit after allowing for ordinary share and debenture interest, provision for debenture sinking fund, and statutory amounts placed to reserve. In 1898 the debenture interest and sinking fund provision absorbed £318,226 and the ordinary share interest £68,250, a total of £386,476. Compared with this the Government received £674,881 (or 8¾ per cent. on the railway companies' capital).* Here is proof positive of excessive rates and fares. Even though these large amounts went to general revenue, the system was in entire contravention

* Mr. J. Emrys Evans, in his Consular Report for 1897, said: "The rates of the Netherlands Railway are much in excess of those of the other South African systems, and are probably higher than those obtaining in any other part of the world." The Cape Government Railway on imported grain charges 1*d.* per ton, the Orange Free State Railway charged 2*d.* per ton per mile, and the Netherlands Railway no less than 7·7*d.* per ton per mile. The rate charged by the Transvaal Railway was therefore nearly four times as much as that charged by the Orange State Railway, and nearly eight times that charged by the Cape Railway.

of the principles for the development of new countries. It is axiomatic that new territories should be possessed of the best and cheapest railway facilities possible.

General Objections to the Management

Having dealt with the larger financial aspect of Netherlands Railway oppression, minor objections to the management and the frictional treatment of the Mining Industry may be touched upon.

Coal Traffic to the Gold Mines

In connection with the handling of the coal traffic for the mines the industry had distinct cause for emphatic complaint against the company. For years no facilities at all were given for loading coal in bulk into the trucks. Consequently all coal had to be "bagged" at the collieries, increasing the cost quite 2*s.* 6*d.* per ton. Even when facilities for loading in bulk were afforded, it was only in a half-hearted manner. As in other directions, the coal freights were excessive and the pit cost of coal was more than doubled when it arrived at the nearest gold mine, not more than fifteen miles distant, and trebled for the more distant mines. Siding facilities

were curtailed as much as possible. Frequently the coal would be run, perhaps, a mile or a mile and a quarter beyond the mine destination, because the railway refused to provide a siding, or would not stop its trains nearer the mine. The New Heriot mine was a case in point. In these two directions alone the companies were greatly harassed by the unenlightened policy of the railway management. These "trifles" aggregated to a grievance substantial, and with the railway as with the Government one often thought of the applicability of the proverb, "Trifles make the sum of human things."

Not only was it the Gold Industry which was improperly treated by the N. Z. A. S. M.; the colliery owners were equally badly served. Flagrantly excessive charges were lumped on the collieries upon occasion, for "pointage" and details of that nature. Continuous complaints were made by managers of the coal mines at the East Rand (Springs, the present eastern terminus of the Rand tram line, is the site of the principal coal mines) as to the short supply of trucks. Frequently enough—far too frequently—managers would be keeping from early morn boys ready to load, only to find the supply of trucks shunted

into the colliery siding about an hour before sunset. Then the trucks had to be loaded with the coal-bags that night under pains and penalties for "demurrage." Another "trifle" the Boer apologist will say. Still, it was an important one; and again one feels constrained to quote the proverb.

Neglecting Opportunities for New Sources of Traffic

In the Middelburg coal-fields the railway could have opened up a tremendous and lucrative business, but it made little of its opportunities. Middelburg is one of the highest points in the Transvaal, being situated over 6000 feet above sea-level. Delagoa Bay is about 275 miles away. This port is the nearest to the gold-fields, and vast quantities of supplies come through it. Train-loads of trucks were always going back practically empty to the seaboard from the Rand. It would have paid the railway to have quoted the coal mines at Middelburg such freights to Delagoa Bay as would have represented a small profit over and above the difference in the cost of hauling a loaded and an empty train. But no, such a drastic policy could not commend itself to the Hollander company, and the splendid

opening was allowed to slip. It may be objected that the facilities for loading coal into ships' bunkers at Lourenço Marques were absolutely *nil.* That defect could easily have been remedied. It would have been nothing for a rich company like the Netherlands Railway to have undertaken the work had the directors of the Caminho da Ferro Lourenço Marques (the Portuguese concern) been disinclined to do so. Had the colliery owners found the Netherlands Railway amenable to reason, they would willingly, as business men, have made the necessary arrangements. Certainly the Netherlands Railway had the wisdom of the proposal put before them with frequency and point. In this connection may be recalled the view expressed that, owing to the gradients, it would have been cheaper to run full trains than empty ones!

Rigid Adherence to the Dutch Language

Besides the heavy and extortionate freight charges, the N. Z. A. S. M.—"No Zeal and Slow Movement," as a wag once translated it—had many other objectionable features. The line was in several respects miserably managed, though serious accidents were rare. Commercial as well

as mining people suffered greatly from the chaotic state of things which ordinarily reigned in the goods department. Though quite ninety-five per cent. of its customers were other than of Dutch nationality, the direction could never bring itself to print any forms, notices, and the like in the commercial language of the world. In this respect it was even more anti-English than the Government itself, which did sometimes, as an act of grace, condescend to use English in some of its publications. In this connection a word may be said in recognition of the State Mining Engineer, who published his report in English, and French, as well as in the original and official Dutch. The use of the Dutch language was undoubtedly carried to extremes even by a company which had its chief office in Amsterdam and the bulk of whose officials were Hollanders. This was a substantial grievance, as some firms declared they had to keep a Dutch clerk simply to look after the railway work and fill up the excessively detailed forms required by the transport company.

Excessive Passenger Fares

The passenger fares, again, were quite excessive. From Johannesburg to Elandsfontein, a

distance of about nine miles, the second-class fare was two shillings, and that was the lowest class available for whites. Another grievance was the arrogation by its staff of magisterial functions in allowing inspectors to impose a fine of £1 upon passengers who were not supplied with tickets, through haste or inadvertence. Ultimately the company was obliged to give way to public feeling and reduce the fine to 2*s.* 6*d.*

Administered 7000 Miles Away

The administration of the company was in large measure controlled from Amsterdam, thousands of miles away. Such a ridiculous arrangement severely hampered the working of the line, though it was naturally a convenient excuse for local officials when cornered.

THE EXPLOSIVES ("DYNAMITE") MONOPOLY

Second in importance in the list of grievances was one which affected the mines solely—the Explosives Monopoly. Those who wish to read the history of this iniquitous concession may do so at length in the evidence given before the

Industrial Commission of Inquiry. During 1898 the consumption of dynamite, gelatine, and gelignite amounted to 197,967 cases, valued at £955,937.

The Industrial Report

When the Industrial Commission investigated the subject in 1897 the Explosives Company was making a clear profit of over £2 per case. For blasting gelatine the price was 107*s.* 6*d.*, and for No. 1 dynamite, 85*s.* The respective cost of these explosives, free on board at Hamburg, was 43*s.* 6*d.* and 29*s.* 6*d.*, and for each the cost of bringing to Johannesburg was 14*s.* per case. The company must have made a profit of about £415,000 in respect of blasting gelatine and £66,400 in respect of No. 1 dynamite at the time of the sittings of the Commission. The Government, under the terms of the concession, was entitled to 5*s.* per case, equal to £49,500 on a consumption of just under 200,000 cases, the average in 1897 and 1898.

£400,000 per Annum Profit

Making very liberal allowance for other charges, the Explosives Company must have made quite £400,000 out of the Mining Industry in each of those two years.

An Artificial Industry

The country did not produce the necessary ingredients for the manufacture of explosives, and when manufacture was attempted it was found that four tons of raw material had to be imported in order to produce one ton of the manufactured article. The factory at Modderfontein was merely a "blind"; in fact, the whole business was altogether artificial and parasitic. It was far cheaper to import the manufactured article. The coal necessary for production was 40 to 50 per cent. higher than in Europe, suitable labour was three or four times more expensive than in Germany, and materials were excessively dear. Besides all this, there was no local market for by-products, which in Europe and America have considerable commercial value. As the Commission said: "The desirability of establishing industries of all kinds within the Republic cannot for a moment be doubted; but when it is proposed to establish an artificial industry, whose only chance of success lies in the extent to which it may be allowed to unduly profit from, instead of benefiting, a natural and more important enterprise, the economic fallacy of the proposition becomes

sufficiently clear to need little further demonstration."

There was very little doubt that the company had committed breaches of various clauses of its contract, and the Government would have been justified in cancelling the concession without any compensation whatever. The Industrial Commission of 1897 distinctly reported that the legal position of the Government against the contractors was undoubtedly strong. Kruger, however, was always strenuously opposed to the cancellation of the dynamite monopoly, which he was ever fond of calling "a corner-stone of the country's independence."

The Industrial Commission's Proposal

The leaders of the Mining Industry would have supported any scheme (such as that advised by the Industrial Commission) which secured them reasonably cheap dynamite and at the same time benefited the State. No objection would have been raised to an import duty of 20s. per case had free trade in the explosive also been allowed. But Kruger always championed the cause of the monopoly, and the dynamite company's power was such that it managed, in spite of zealous

efforts on the part of the Progressive members of the Raad, to maintain its tight grip on the Gold Industry. All the relief the miners got was a grudging reduction by stages from 85*s.* to 75*s.* per case. Had the free-trade and 20*s.* per case duty scheme been carried out, the saving, according to the rates in force in 1897, would have been 30*s.* per case on gelatine and 21*s.* 6*d.* on dynamite. The gross saving to the Industry in the years 1897 and 1898 would have been well over £275,000 per annum.

A Chamber of Mines Proposition

In the earlier part of 1899 the Chamber of Mines offered the Government a loan of £600,000 against Government bonds or other suitable security to buy out the dynamite company on the basis of the "actual and legitimate cost of the factory at Modderfontein." Upon the cancellation of the monopoly, free trade in explosives was to be allowed, a duty of 10*s.* per case being imposed to provide public revenue. A further temporary tax of 10*s.* per case would have provided for interest and amortisation of the loan. Upon a consumption of 300,000 cases per annum the Government would have received £150,000,

and become the owner of the factory, while the whole loan would have been paid off in less than five years. Dynamite would then only have cost £3 per case, against £3 15s., the current price, and during the loan period. When it was extinguished, the price would have only been £2 10s. This was a very statesmanlike proposal, the only question being whether the factory could have been expropriated for the sum named; this, however, being only a detail.

Mr. Kruger's "Corner-stone"

But Mr. Kruger was dead against any tampering with the "corner-stone" of the country's independence. The Raad might get restive and almost out of hand, it might go to the verge of expropriation, but the President determined to get his own way in connection with the dynamite monopoly, as with everything else of importance.

What did Mr. Kruger say at Heidelberg in March in a speech remarkable for vague generalities? He expressed his intention of taking over the dynamite factory as soon as possible. Cancellation of the monopoly was impossible, as no one was justified in arbitrarily upsetting vested rights and titles. "Oom Paul" was quite

prophetic in emphasising the necessity of "keeping the monopoly in his own hands, because, being an inland State, *in the event of any trouble* with any of the Powers, the supplies of explosives might be suddenly cut off. *And where should we be then?*" Finally, the Raad in March resolved, by fifteen votes to twelve, to refer the Dynamite question back to the Government, to act on the terms of a resolution passed in 1897.

The Raad Committee on Two Grievances

The principal grievances to which the Industry was subject were gone into very fully by the Industrial Commission of 1897 previously referred to. A careful and conservative estimate made by the writer after the issue of the report showed that the reduction of working costs, which might have been expected had the recommendations of the Commission been carried out, would have ranged between 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* per ton of ore milled. The recommendations of the original Commission were so whittled down by a Raad Committee that practically no benefit ensued. Instead of advising free trade in dynamite, subject to a tax of 20*s.* per case, which would have meant a saving of 30*s.* and 21*s.* 6*d.* on gelatine and

dynamite respectively, that Raad Committee proposed the Government should forego its right to 5s. per case, and the dynamite company should reduce its price a similar amount. This proposal was simply in the interests of the dynamite monopoly. The first scheme would have given the Government £200,000 minimum revenue on 200,000 cases per annum at £1, and the Industry would have saved £266,000 annually. By the Raad Committee's scheme the Government was to "lose even that which it had," the 5s. per case —£50,000 a year, and the dynamite company was to forego only £50,000 out of its £400,000 profit. In fine, the dynamite monopoly was to be fostered at the expense of the legitimate industry of the State. Again, the original committee advocated a reduction of £500,000 in the profit of the Netherlands Railway; the Raad Committee thought £200,000 amply sufficient. And so on.

MATTERS OF JOINT ADMINISTRATION, ETC.

Having now dealt with the two leading disabilities of the Industry, one comes to the discussion of matters of administration in which

the Government and the mines were jointly concerned. Such questions, for instance, as the control of natives, the prevention of amalgam thefts, general legislation peculiar to the mines, and the like.

A Want of Co-operation

Now it must be stated that there was seldom, if ever, a proper and friendly understanding between the Government authorities at Pretoria and the mining people at Johannesburg. Mining men never had the slightest confidence in Christian Joubert, the old Minister of Mines, nor could the appointment of Mr. Klimke to the State Mining Engineership be deemed in any way a satisfactory one. A vast deal could have been done had the officials adopted a more conciliatory and reasonable tone. Certainly matters got better upon the appointment of Mr. Kleynhans to the senior office. But an official was never allowed to become very friendly with the mining men. Undoubtedly this was the case with poor Schmitz-Dumont, killed on the fields of Northern Natal. Able man that he was, he treated those who came in official contact with him in too liberal a spirit, and consequently he was taken from a sphere of

eminent usefulness at Johannesburg, where for a while he was Inspector of Mines, to waste his energies in desolated De Kaap.

The Liquor Law Infractions

This distinct lack of co-operative effort had a very marked bearing upon the prosperity of the Gold Industry, most particularly in connection with the illicit supply of liquor to Kaffirs. With proper co-operation between the Government and the mining authorities the infernal state of affairs which existed along the miles of reef could have been greatly minimised. It has been calculated that from 8 to 10 per cent. of the boys on a mine were constantly incapacitated from work in consequence of the effects of drink. On Sundays and Mondays the percentage was very much higher. It is not possible to state exactly in pounds, shillings, and pence what the abominable liquor traffic cost the mining companies by the disorganisation of labour, but it must have run into several thousands annually. Among the proposals of the Industrial Commission was one for an advisory board, comprising Government, mining, and mercantile members. And the first matter it was recommended they should have control over was

the Liquor Law. The law in the Transvaal absolutely prohibited the sale of liquor to Kaffirs, but for years the trade went on with but nominal restriction by the authorities. Whether liquor can be entirely kept from Kaffirs is a subject that hardly comes within the scope of this chapter. It can, however, be unhesitatingly asserted that the drunkenness prevailing among the black labourers could have been much decreased, given proper police control and co-operation between the authorities and the mines.

The canteen-keepers had such powerful friends in Pretoria that it was only by a small majority that a scheme to allow limited supply of liquor to natives was defeated in the Raad, and this after the Industry had said that the total prohibition scheme would have answered if the law had been properly carried out. Not a vestige of doubt rests in the mind of any one who knows the circumstances that the trade in liquor was winked at and connived at by the authorities in consideration of heavy bribes. Marked service was afforded to the Industry by the *Johannesburg Leader* in exposing the most flagrant cases of liquor traffic. The profits of the trade were high, and it paid the canteen Jews to bribe heavily. As

Mr. Albu, a leading mining capitalist, once said, the remedy was "to make the punishment for offences against the Liquor Law so drastic that it shall outweigh the monetary inducements even to so low a class of men as that now engaged in the traffic."

Illicit Dealings in Amalgam

A great deal of traffic in stolen amalgam was conducted on the Rand, and the industry *en bloc* must have lost considerable sums in this way. Though more efficient policing might have done something to mitigate this evil, it cannot be denied that the checking of the trade fell most upon the shoulders of the mining officials themselves.

Supply of Native Labour

The Government could have helped the mines greatly by formulating a proper scheme for the supply of native labour to the mines. But its work in this direction was of the feeblest kind. Moreover, the harsh and frequently brutal behaviour of Pass Law and other officials had a serious effect in reducing the supply. It was suggested, for instance, that the Government should have provided compounds where Kaffirs could eat and

sleep in the outlying districts on the road from the kraals to the mines. Instead of this, some scheme was evolved by Dr. Leyds for the supply of natives from Portuguese territory, but this was so hedged about with regulations that no practical benefit ensued.

Gold Law and Mining Regulations

Little objection can be raised against the Gold Law and the regulations for the safety of the mines. The Gold Law had a tendency to favour the rich man at the expense of the poor, and this had a good deal to do with the falling off in prospecting work of recent years. But the Gold Law, in the majority of its clauses, suited the capitalist, and consequently in the list of grievances but little has been written of it.

The mining regulations apparently left too much for interpretation at the caprice of individual inspectors. Different views were a source of continual annoyance to mine managers. In the Germiston district one year over thirty magazines were condemned by a new mining inspector which had been fully certified as complying with official rules by his predecessor.

This, of course, is but a mere instance of erratic administration.

Taxation of Mining Profits

For years—ever since the promulgation of the Gold Law in fact, the Government had possessed the right to 2½ per cent. of the gold won from *mynpachten*.* But this had remained in abeyance. In October 1898 the decision to tax the profits of all the gold-mining companies was arrived at, and in November the Volksraad sanctioned a tax of 5 per cent. on the net profits of the gold- and coal-mining companies, which tax was to act retrospectively for the current year. Doubtless the record of 400,000 ounces of gold for the Rand alone, which was put up in October, had also a clinching effect on the deliberations of the first legislative body.

An Unfair Tax under the Circumstances

This tax on profits was jumped on the Industry in a most unjust manner, and those who were in Johannesburg at the time will well remember

* A *mynpacht* is a mining right granted to the owner of a farm, not exceeding one-tenth of its area, upon the proclamation of the farm as a gold-mining area.

how this last step of the Government was received by the mining community in the Rand. The Chamber of Mines at once telegraphed a protest urging that the tax was really unnecessary, and that no time had been allowed for interested parties to be heard. No one would have had anything to say against a direct tax on mining profits had the Government done everything in its power to foster the Industry and allow the greatest gold production at the minimum of cost for development and exploitation. But the Transvaal authorities had never seen the wisdom of so enlightened a policy; in fact, the reverse had been the case. Rather was the Industry looked upon as an organisation to be harassed and retarded at every possible point and at all seasons—the more frequently the better in the eyes of the Pretorian Oligarchy.

Had the Industry not been oppressed by extortionate dynamite charges, by inefficient supplies of labour, by excessive and unfair railway rates, as well as by heavy import dues, there could have been no objection to a tax on profits of 5, 10, 15, or even 20 per cent. In fact, had a straightforward taxation of profits been adopted from the first, or, at any rate, when profits had

reached fair proportions, instead of the taxation being raised indirectly, a vast amount of friction might have been avoided. It was, of course, quite a detail, in such a delightfully governed country as the South African Republic, that the new tax should be put through in an unconstitutional fashion. The Common Law provided that notice of proposed new laws should be published in the *Staats Courant* (Government Gazette) three months before being brought before the Raad. In this case the notice was not more than twenty-four hours.

A Policy of Revenge

Speaking at a special meeting of the Chamber of Mines, the President (Mr. George Rouliot) characterised the profits tax "as unnecessary and unjust," and said "it would do much harm to the credit of the State and the Industry. It was unnecessary, because the present revenue of £3,500,000 was more than ample to carry on the administration of the country." Generally it was thought that the promulgation of the tax on profits law was a step taken by the Government to get even with the capitalists for their supposed campaign of opposition to the loan which it had

endeavoured to raise. A revenge of this paltry character would have been especially dear to the heart of Mr. Kruger and many of the leading *Raadsleden* and officials. Mr. Goldmann, at the Chamber of Mines meeting, practically said so much, affirming that the Government had been unable to get a loan, and under the circumstances were justified to a certain extent in what they had done.

THE "BEWAARPLAATSEN" QUESTION

The *Bewaarplaatsen* question in all its bearings is far too technical for discussion here. Companies claimed that they had a right in equity to mining rights under ground given out to them for battery sites, tailings heaps, reservoirs, &c., which years ago were considered too far away from the outcrop to be valuable for mining purposes. The development of deep-level working, however, changed the view, and has rendered the *bewaarplaatsen* exceedingly valuable. On the other hand, the Government said the companies had no free right to these areas for mining purposes. Having had these areas valued, on December 2, 1898, the Volksraad authorised the Government to sell the *bewaarplaatsen* by public

auction, on condition that the proceeds should not be used for purposes of ordinary expenditure. Coming as it did on top of the profit law, this decision seemed to indicate that the Mining Industry, which had been left practically unmolested for some time past, was again to be subjected to a harassing policy. In September 1899 the mining companies were invited to tender for the mining rights under *bewaarplaatsen* held by them, but beyond formal acknowledgment of the tenders nothing transpired as to the decision of the Government.

The Water Supply for the Mines

An appreciative and liberal Government could have helped the Industry in many directions. What has previously been spoken of may be described as part and parcel of a general obstructive policy, not unmixed with more or less immoral financial considerations. One of the most important matters to which both the Government and the Industry could have jointly given their attention was a proper and efficient water supply for the mines. In the earlier months of the year the supply of water always gave rise to doubts as to its sufficiency till the

end of the dry season, and at certain mines the managers were at their wits' ends to keep plants at work in the middle and the end of the winter. On the basis of a very rough rule, the quantity of water required for the 6000 stamps crushing 29,000 tons was close upon 300,000 tons per day, for the rule says ten tons of water are required for every ton of rock crushed. Instead of each company relying for its supply in the rainfall collected in individual dams, a broad, comprehensive scheme would have been decided upon by any properly competent Government years ago. The shortness of water supply is undoubtedly one of the most serious drawbacks South Africa has to contend against.

ROUGHLY BETWEEN £2,000,000 AND £2,500,000 PER ANNUM

In conclusion, taking a wide view and making as accurate estimates as are possible, it is certainly not exaggerating things to say that the Industry was worked at a cost of between £2,000,000 and £2,500,000 over and above the outlay had proper government existed. The bulk of this extortion, as has been previously shown, was in the excessive charges of the Netherlands

Railway, representing about £1,000,000 annually over and above a legitimate trade profit reckoned on the basis of the earnings of the Cape Government Railway. Then, the Dynamite Monopoly was sweating the Gold Industry at the rate of £350,000 annually, being the difference between its estimated profit and a legitimate profit of 10 per cent. on the basis of the £600,000 estimated as the cost of the factory. The loss to the Industry by reason of absurdly negligent police administration of Liquor, Gold-theft, and other laws, must be put at many thousands annually. No one appreciates more than the writer the difficulty of giving figures measuring the annual injury done to the Industry by the *laches* of the Government of the South African Republic, but the estimate given errs, if anything, on the side of moderation.

THE FUTURE OF THE RAND

SOME VIEWS AS TO THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MINING INDUSTRY

To attempt any forecast of the future of the Mining Industry in the Transvaal territory is to attempt a task hedged about with very many difficulties. Perhaps the discussion of the question is a little premature. So many matters are unsettled, so little is known as to the intentions of the Imperial Government, that any positive opinions are both impracticable and impossible. One can only write in generalities.

In the preceding chapter it has been shown that, at a moderate estimate, the Industry was charged with an expenditure of about £2,500,000 a year over and above what it should have borne with good government. Of this sum about £1,350,000 was excessive profit of the Railway

and Dynamite Monopolies, and excessive secret service charges a weighty proportion.

The Expropriation of the Netherlands Railway

What is likely to happen with respect to the Netherlands Railway? Surely the British Government cannot be bound by the terms of the concession regarding the expropriation of the railway? The aid the company gave the Republican forces in the war will perhaps be taken into account. In connection with this some very interesting questions of International Law crop up. As the head offices of the company were at Amsterdam, it was ostensibly a Dutch concern. But it has been proved beyond question that many of the Hollander officials remained at work on the line aiding the Republican forces and thus violating their neutrality! Then it is again arguable that, as the South African Republic owned large portions of the capital, the railway was, for purposes of International Law, a Government concern.

According to statistics published in December 1898 the South African Republican Govern-

ments investments in the Netherlands Railway were:

	Valued at £
454 debentures and obligations Barberton line	45,854
5480 debentures	550,740
3000 ditto	300,000
5713 ordinary shares	1,485,380
	£2,381,974

The Netherlands Railway also had a loan of £2,000,000 from the Government, but it is believed that this was paid off in 1899.

It, of course, remains to be seen how much, if any, of the shares, &c., represented in the above list have been disposed of. Possibly some were sold when the Government were getting short of funds as the war went on. Whatever is left must be regarded as an asset by the Imperial authorities.

And surely the British Government cannot be expected to pay the shareholders out on the basis of twenty times the average dividend for the preceding three years, as laid down in the concession! Have the shareholders not had enough during the existence of the iniquitous monopoly?

Let us see what the cost of taking over the railway would be, assuming the S. A. R. Government's holdings have remained unchanged. The question as to the £2,000,000 need not be gone into.

Value of ordinary capital at par . .	£1,166,666
Less S. A. R. Government share . .	476,333
	£690,333
Value of £7,030,000 debentures at par .	£7,030,000
Less held by S. A. R. Government . .	893,400
	£6,136,600
Total amount of capital and debentures for repayment and redemption . .	£6,826,933

Reckoning the shares paid off at par and the debentures at £110—a sufficiently high rate for 4 per cent., 4·8 per cent., and 5 per cent. bonds—we have the following:

"Outside" shares at par	£ 690,333
"Outside" debentures at 110 . . .	6,750,000
	£7,440,593

A loan of £8,000,000, backed with Imperial guarantee, could probably be arranged at 4 per cent., involving an interest charge of £320,000.

The yearly sum of £250,000 invested at 4 per cent. would redeem the debentures in less than twenty years.

Apart from this, there is room for vast improvement in the management of the railway. Look at the matter how one will, it seems that the Industry is bound to save a million a year minimum with the railway placed on a footing something like that sketched.

Dynamite and Revenue

Dynamite at £1 per case duty will provide a revenue of £250,000 on the estimated consumption in the immediate future. Free trade subject to the above will save the Industry over £300,000 yearly.

Partial Recoupment of War Expenditure

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in his speech at the Mansion House on June 27, distinctly stated that "some considerable part of the cost of the war must be recouped from South Africa." We do not know the cost of the war yet, nor do we know how "considerable part" may be interpreted. But it does not seem unlikely that the amount the Transvaal will be saddled with will

represent in interest and sinking fund quite as much as the Railway and Dynamite Monopolies cost the Industry—and quite easily more.

The South African campaign has turned out vastly different, in its duration and its cost of life and treasure, to the general expectation entertained by the majority of people in the Rand as well as at home, before war actually broke out. Consequently, the Mining Industry under the new *régime* will only receive a proportion of those benefits which would have fallen to it had it been possible more rapidly to demonstrate British supremacy and to have effected the annexation of the country at less cost.

The Question of Black Labour

In one respect the Industry will certainly gain, and that is in the direction of native labour. Under the old *régime* there was always a short fall, in a large measure due to the robbing of Kaffirs on their way back to their homes, and to other bad treatment on the part of Transvaal officials. The scarcity necessarily led to sharp competition between the different companies, so much so that wages were raised to an unduly high point. In 1898, 67,797 Kaffirs employed

by mining companies furnishing returns to the Chamber of Mines were paid an average of £2 9*s.* 9*d.* per month, or an aggregate of £173,927. Without treating the natives unfairly, there is no reason why, with a proper supply of labour, the wages should not be reduced to about 30*s.* per month, a saving of, roughly, 20*s.* per head. This may be reckoned as applying to about 100,000 natives, the number employed in July 1899. It will, however, be some considerable time before the labour supply will be satisfactory enough to admit of reductions. Indeed, for many months after work is resumed the rate is certain to be much in excess of that for 1898, quoted above.

Up to the present native hand-labour at £3 per month has proved cheaper, except in mines where there are exceptionally large stopes for underground working, than machine drills.

White Labour

Labour must always follow the law of supply and demand, of course, and as British government of the Transvaal will cause a large influx of white population, there is no reason to doubt that wages will be decreased. The mining employee

will set against this the advantage of living under a proper and settled Government, and the reduction in the cost of living which should in time be effected.

The "Compound" System

Leading capitalists have denied that there was any intention on their part of introducing the "Compound" System as in force at the Kimberley mines. It is to be hoped that they will not attempt to go back upon their word, for if they should do so every effort would, no doubt, be made to prevent the fruition of the scheme. While there is necessity for it at Kimberley, the case of Johannesburg is entirely different. The public must look to it that mining companies do not develop into semi-trading concerns.

New Capital for Exploration

Undoubtedly the unsettled nature of the Transvaal, during the past three or four years in particular, has prevented in large measure the inflow of capital. What capital has been forthcoming for the Transvaal enterprise has been chiefly for the development of well-known gold-bearing areas. In large measure it has been spent on

mines in the central section of the Rand. In other words, exploratory work in outside and little known localities has been practically at a standstill. It is in this latter direction that work in the near future will be undertaken to a marked extent. In outlying districts like Lydenburg (apparently the most promising), in Barberton, and, to a lesser extent, in Klerksdorp, there is likely to be great activity in new enterprise.

The Lower-Grade Mines

The majority of the "outside" gold-mining localities of the Transvaal possess reefs of low-grade character. If in the years to come it is possible to work for from 12*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.* per ton, a margin of profit would be left on millions of tons of ore in these districts.

Whether these low-grade mines could be helped, in the way of lessened taxation or otherwise, by the future Government, is a question that might advantageously be discussed.

Iron and Copper

Hitherto the only mining products of any magnitude have been gold and coal. The Nellmapius

concession has, up to the present, interfered with any proper development of the iron resources of the country. That will, of course, be altered. Doubtless there will be a good deal of mining for copper, and the present high price of that metal should accelerate developments in this direction.

Development of Middelburg Coal

A large augmentation of the coal produce of the Middelburg district may be expected. In the first case the coal mines in the East Rand have shown themselves unable to cope with the entire requirements of the Industry and local sale. Coal has been found near Krugersdorp, on the West Rand, but has not been developed energetically. But the Middelburg district should rather rely on a large sea-borne trade at Delagoa Bay. Given reasonable railway freights and improved loading facilities at the port, the possibilities are enormous. There is no question of capital being forthcoming to develop the coal area; there are several companies already in a position to supply large quantities of coal upon the resumption of work.

Work on the Central Rand

Whether the development of the Central Rand will proceed at a more rapid rate in the future than it has in the past, in face of the policy at Pretoria, is, to say the least, doubtful. The results of the outcrops and the promise of the deep-levels have been such as to allow development in spite of drawbacks. Mr. J. C. A. Henderson has said that under no other Government would the development of the Rand have been more rapid than it actually has been. And in a certain qualified way one must agree with him, though the development of the second row of deep-levels was somewhat retarded by the unfriendly attitude of the Government towards the Industry. Indeed, it was expressly stated that certain work was stopped until such time as the development of the mines could be proceeded with at a cheaper rate.

Warning against Wild-Cat Schemes

And, lastly, a word of caution. Directly the pacification of the country is effected and work is

resumed, any amount of wonderful enterprises will be put before the European public. It is safe to say that a large proportion of these ventures will be of the most doubtful type. Let the purchaser of shares beware! *Caveat emptor* is always a good motto; but the public, especially in boom times, never sees the wisdom of it.

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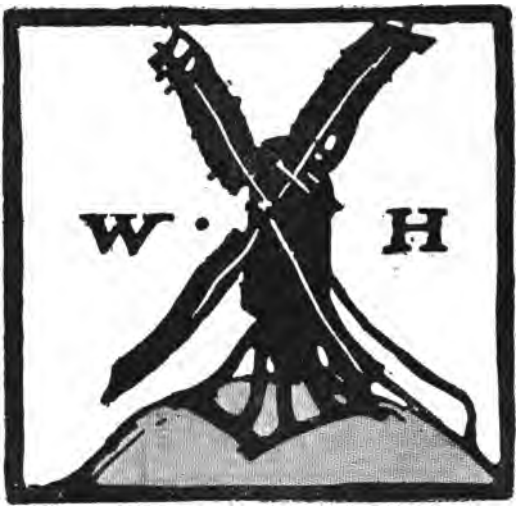

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